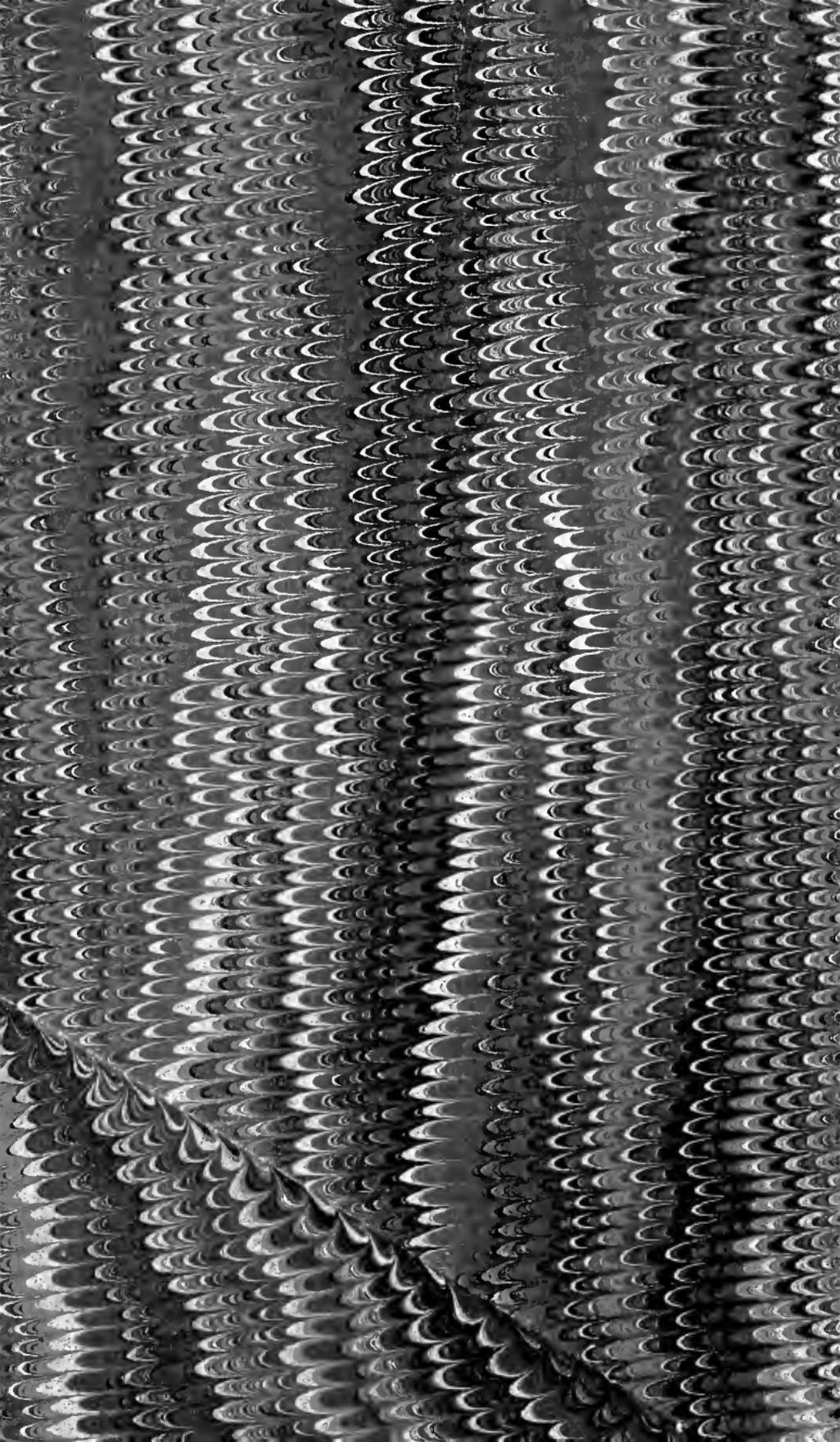




LIBRARY OF CONGRESS.

21  
8567

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.













THE  
MAID OF PERU,

WITH

OTHER POEMS.

---

BY GEORGE YELLOTT.

---

33

BALTIMORE:  
WILLIAM TAYLOR, JARVIS BUILDINGS.

1848.



PS 3364

Y36

---

Entered according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1847,  
BY GEORGE YELLOTT,  
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of Maryland.

---

## P R E F A C E.

---

WHEN a man makes his appearance before the world as an author, a custom, which has existed from time immemorial, enjoins upon him the propriety of introducing his productions by something like a prefatory apology. The author of this volume has, however, but little to urge in extenuation of his temerity in presuming to come before the dread tribunal of public criticism.

The following poems were mostly produced in moments snatched from the severer engagements of professional studies. They cannot, therefore, be expected to possess all the elaborate polish which is the result of literary leisure.

This, the author is well aware, is a misfortune which he has experienced in common with poets who occupy an elevated position in public estimation, far beyond the limits of his aspirations. Nearly every American poem, imbued with the spirit of immortality, is the production of a mind whose powers have been mainly directed to the practical pursuits of life. Unfortunately, for the celebrity of our native bards, the mighty masses are too earnestly intent on the attainment of the means of physical well-being, to give more than a passing glance to any art which has for its object the cultivation and improvement of the spiritual nature of man. Our authors have, as a consequence of the slender patronage

extended to them, been driven, by stern necessity, into other pursuits, absorbing their energies, and leaving them but little leisure to frequent the haunts of the Muses.

Notwithstanding all these disadvantages, our country has produced poets of which any nation might be proud. The shrine of the national literature, reared upon the solid structure of the historian and the philosopher, has been richly embellished with the beautiful wreaths of poesy. The hands of a Halleck, a Bryant, and a Percival, of a Willis, a Morris, and a Hoffman, have heaped upon it a profusion of gorgeous garlands, gathered in the gardens of a fertile and cultivated imagination. A far humbler bard would now approach with a single clustre of wild flowers in his hand, and strew them, as his offering, on the altar; hoping, that though the eye is dazzled with a thousand beauties, and the air is redolent with perfumes, their faint fragrance may not be altogether unacceptable, and that they may not be permitted to wither unnoticed and unknown.

# THE MAID OF PERU.

## A POETIC ROMANCE.

### CANTO I.

#### I.

O'ER fair Peru delightful is the scene,  
As laughing hill, and verdant valley gay  
Assume their bright'ning robes of living green ;  
Forest, and wide savannah's rich array,  
And towering mountain soaring far away,  
With wild-bird flitting on empurpled wing,  
And flashing streamlet warbling on its way,  
Announce the joyous empire of young Spring,  
Whom sportive zephyrs on a car of roses bring.

#### II.

Oh, land of wonder ! where above the storm,  
While all beneath was beautiful or wild,  
Old Andes rear'd his cloud-inwoven form,  
To kiss Aurora's cheek, as first she smil'd,  
And from her orient bowers, like a child  
Ere it hath quaff'd the cup of scorn and wo,  
Came forth with brow of modest blushes mild,  
And stood upon the cliff, with beaming glow  
Of joy, to view the scene of loveliness below.

## III.

In purple splendor spread th' enamel'd vales  
 With trees, whose emerald boughs enrich'd with bloom,  
 Of red'ning clusters glowing in the gales  
 Like blushing rubies, shed a soft perfume ;  
 And banks of flowers, that bade the brook assume  
 A face of smiles, which from the height above  
 Had hurl'd its sparkling foam ; and here, with plume  
 Of paroquet adorn'd, do lightly rove  
 Sweet Indian maids beneath the fragrant orange grove.

## IV.

But ah ! how chang'd of late ! Not now is seen  
 The reign of Peace to add voluptuous charms !  
 Oh ! who would deem where Nature smiles serene,  
 And with a genial glow each bosom warms—  
 Oh ! who would deem that here the angry arms  
 Of War and Hate had pierc'd the bleeding core  
 And torn the heart of Peace ? The loud alarms  
 Of dire contentions shake th' echoing shore ;  
 Grim Battle wheels his car 'mid fields of gushing gore !

## V.

The dying day envelop'd in a shroud  
 That look'd like gold besprinkled with the blood  
 Of Innocence, hath sunk ; the sombre cloud  
 Of hov'ring night o'er earth begins to brood ;  
 Silence is thron'd in the calm solitude  
 Of the ethereal space, except when there  
 Some soaring eagle's sounding wings intrude,  
 Or the huge condor, mammoth of the air,  
 On cloud-like pinions floats unto his lofty lair :

## VI.

And the chrystalline stars come rushing forth,  
 Like wild-ey'd spirits on their golden seats ;  
 Till lucent myriads, from th' expanded north  
 To the far south, th' admiring vision meets ;  
 While in the lake one bright empyrean greets  
 The eye enraptur'd at the joyous scene—  
 And as the wanton wave comes and retreats,  
 Smiles dance upon the water's dimpled mien—  
 The earth—the air—the lake—the heavens are all serene.

## VII.

Spirit of Love ! and called you forth this joy ?  
 Is it to worship you the spangled wave,  
 Young Zephyr's playmate, ceasing its employ,  
 Lies at your feet submissively a slave ?  
 The air is calm—th' enamor'd breezes have  
 Fetter'd themselves in your luxuriant locks  
 Which with the liquid sweets, they gently lave,  
 Of balm-distilling bowers, as on yon rocks  
 You stand, while the bright waves do come t' admire in  
 flocks.

## VIII.

The moon, that went behind the cloud and hid  
 Her face, as if abash'd, beholding there  
 Perfection's miniature, comes forth to bid  
 A shower of golden rays float on the air ;  
 The lake is carpeted with light—and where  
 Is the sweet spirit standing by its side ?  
 That swelling breast !—those lips !—that flowing hair !  
 A mortal maid !—a shrine where might abide  
 The sweetest soul that ever was to earth allied.

## IX.

As lovely as the Phantom of the Morning,  
 Begirded with a rainbow, standing on  
 Some eastern eminence, dew-drops adorning  
 Her locks bound with the beams of the bright sun  
 In splendid braids!—so stood that beauteous one  
 Upon the rock that jutted o'er the deep;—  
 Fairer than fairest dreams that beam upon  
 Two youthful lovers' intermingled sleep,  
 O'er which young rosy Hope her happy watch doth keep.

## X.

Thus breath'd the maiden, after one unbroken  
 And eager gaze across the tranquil sea—  
 Those tender words, like angel accents spoken,  
 Did stir the air's soft waves to ecstacy—  
 “Lord of my soul! art still away from me!  
 Long anxious moments have I silent stood,  
 Waiting in fond expectancy for thee,  
 Here where each eve, from this still solitude,  
 I hail thy bark approaching o'er yon silvery flood.

## XI.

“Oh come! for I have spent the balmy morn,  
 And glowing day, in bringing to those bowers,  
 Where we do meet, whatever doth adorn—  
 The olive—myrtle—all the fairest flowers;—  
 Till troops of butterflies, like painted showers  
 Of living lilies floating on the air,  
 And humming-birds through all the glowing hours,  
 Like forms from fairy-land, are flutt'ring there,  
 But thou, lord of my soul! art still away—and where?”

## XII.

As thus the maiden spoke, she turn'd—her shriek  
 Told, sharp and wild, the phrensy of affright ;—  
 The blood hath vanished from her beauteous cheek !  
 Fear shakes her limbs, and darkness veils her sight !  
 Are ye two demons, from the sulph'ry night  
 Below, enfranchis'd from your lava cell,  
 Who wear the mask of a complexion bright ?  
 Yet 't is distorted with your purpose fell !  
 They stood and laugh'd—'t was like a death-announcing  
 knell.

## XIII.

They spring like tigers on their trembling prey !—  
 Terror congeals her veins—upon the ground  
 She sinks in wild ineffable dismay ;—  
 Demons ! have ye those lovely limbs then bound ?  
 With one shrill cry, that echoes far around,  
 She swoons away—but at that cry they start !—  
 Responsive rings a loud and warlike sound !  
 One sinks upon the earth, while in his heart  
 Fixes and quivers the keen life-destroying dart.

## XIV.

As swiftest eagle swoops upon the hare,  
 As lion darts on the discover'd doe,  
 As springs the yelling panther from his lair,  
 So sprung the warrior on his startled foe !  
 They join in fight ;—at one avenging blow  
 Down sinks the dark Iberian to the ground  
 Writhing and weltering in the dust below ;  
 And now Teemora hath her limbs unbound,  
 And his young Zeba in his warm embraces wound.

## XV.

On that proud breast she lay like a fair flower  
 Beat to its mother earth, when' from the skies  
 The ruffian rain-storms come with fearful power  
 And sweep the blooming groves.—With anxious eyes  
 He gazes on the fragile form that lies  
 Within his arms.—“ Awake, nor fear to view  
 The ruthless sight again—their life-blood dyes  
 Th' evening flowers, polluting the soft dew—  
 Oh dearest one ! thou 'rt safe.”—She wakes.—“ Ah love !  
 'tis you !”

## XVI

“ Yes, beauteous one ! 't is I—nor fear again—  
 For lo !”—She turn'd and shudder'd at the sight—  
 Right at her feet one lay out-stretched ; his brain,  
 Crush'd by Tecmora's angry arm of might,  
 Spatter'd his breast :—the other lay—and bright  
 The brisk blood leap'd exulting from his wound ;  
 Gasping and mad, he grasp'd, with furious bite,  
 The herbag'd earth, then, with a hollow sound,  
 Sent forth his soul to flutter in the space around.

## XVII.

Oh hie thee hence !” with frantic fear she cried,  
 And veil'd her eyes to shun the scene of blood,  
 “ In the deep earth their stiff'ning corses hide,  
 Or plunge them in the lake's concealing flood,  
 Or bear them to some hidden solitude,  
 Where they may ne'er to mortal view appear—  
 Oh bear them hence ! else will that ruffian brood  
 Avenge their fate with thine.”—“ Nay, leave them here !  
 The vulture's maw will be a fitting sepulchre !

## XVIII.

“ Thus be their doom.—Oh that my zealous hand,  
 But now might wield amid the dark array  
 Of the invading hosts that storm our land,  
 The sword of terror with resistless sway !  
 Then should they fall ! and death and wild dismay  
 Be sown among their ranks in one swift hour,  
 That gave the hov’ring birds their lawful prey—  
 Yes ! they shall feel this arm’s avenging power !  
 But leave them now—and hie unto our ‘custom’d bower.”

## XIX.

Crown’d with bright golden moss, a gentle hill  
 Spread out behind and seem’d a fount, to be,  
 Of liquid diamonds, as each sparkling rill  
 Leap’d down its flowery sides exultingly ;  
 And fed with life the roots of tall palm-tree,  
 Or tamarisk, that stood its banks beside,  
 Rob’d in the young Spring’s richest livery,  
 And spread its blooming branches far and wide,  
 Pouring its fragrance on the soft aerial tide.

## XX.

They reach’d its dew-bespangled summit.—Lo !  
 Is it those visions of sweet fairy land,  
 Which in the seas of ecstacy oft flow !  
 Some bright creation of th’ enchanter’s wand !  
 Struck forth to view by his omnific hand  
 To sink th’ enraptur’d soul in boundless bliss !  
 Or else this Paradise, that doth expand  
 To view, ’s so fair a scene that happiness,  
 Leaving all other scenes, may dwell alone in this.

## XXI.

Th' empyreal moon full o'er that lovely scene,  
 That far too bright for aught sublunar seems,  
 Ruling resplendent 'mid the heavens serene,  
 Bestows the richest splendor of her beams,  
 And turns to silver all the bickering streams,  
 Which, pouring from th' adjacent mountain's side,  
 Flow flashing with ten thousand brilliant gleams,  
 As though Peruvia, in a sparkling tide,  
 Sent forth her molten mines into the lakelet wide,

## XXII.

That seem'd a sea of silvery wealth below,  
 Receiving these translucent waves.—Afar,  
 Beheld amid the night's effulgent glow,  
 Stood a tall temple ;—like one mighty star  
 It seem'd to distant view, as many a bar  
 Of burnish'd wealth pour'd forth its borrow'd rays  
 From lofty windows, as the moon's fair car  
 Shed down upon the spot a gorgeous blaze,  
 Flashing in dazzling lustre on th' enraptur'd gaze.

## XXIII.

They stand amid a blooming valley now [wound—  
 Through which that host of glittering streamlets  
 But towards the farther side the beetling brow  
 Of a majestic hill, that set a bound  
 Unto the sight, o'erlook'd the level ground ;  
 While, at its base uprear'd, that stately tower  
 Did stand and cast its giant shadow round,  
 O'er gardens rich with many a golden flower ;  
 Thro' which those lovers pass'd and reach'd their wonted  
 bower.

## XXIV.

'Twas such a bower as glowing Fancy weaves  
 Amid the flowery paths of poet's vision,  
 When in proud scorn his lofty spirit leaves  
 The cold, unmeaning world's despis'd derision,  
 To wander in his own bright world Elysian :  
 'T was circled with tall ranks of fragrant trees  
 Of fairest fruitage ; and, in its transition  
 From bough to pendant bough, the living breeze  
 Sang like a spirit in its viewless lair ; 'mid these,

## XXV.

Th' ambitious vine did climb and wreath around,  
 And lift its swelling clusters in the air,  
 Ambrosial fruit like purple rosaries bound  
 On every leafy branch above.—And there  
 Was an abundant store of flowerets fair,  
 On aromatic couches soft bespread ;—  
 Sweet jessamine and citron-blossoms rare,  
 And purple passion-flowers, uniting, shed  
 Their breath of odors over that romantic bed.

## XXVI.

“Ah, love ! and art thou here !” the Indian maid,—  
 While joy almost had stolen speech away  
 And seal'd her tongue,—in trembling accents said—  
 “Here do we meet again ! and why, oh say !  
 Didst thou so long from Zeba ling'ring stay ?  
 Three times the sun, adown the glowing west,  
 Hath led unto her couch the blushing day,  
 Three times the moon hath shown her polish'd crest,—  
 And thou hast been away ; and I have been unblest.”

## XXVII.

She said—and fondly in his bosom hid,  
 Like dovelet seeking its warm nestling place,  
 Those soft dark eyes that, 'neath each fringing lid,  
 Beam'd heavenly lustre o'er that beauteous face,  
 All bath'd in tears, like molten gems that trace  
 Their bright course down her cheek. Each young heart  
 grew

Responsive in that long and fond embrace ;  
 And folded in each other's arms, those two  
 Seem'd weeping Love and Hope that hand of artist drew.

## XXVIII.

“ Ah, Zeba, dearest one ! how shall I grieve  
 Thy faithful soul ! Oh, how the tale impart !  
 At once, oh blissful ! oh accursed eve !  
 That gives thee to my arms—that bids us part !”  
 “ Must part ? Oh say not so ! and tell me, art  
 Thou then in serious mood—or but would'st move  
 Within this anxious breast a sudden start ?  
 Must flee away ? and has thy wonted love  
 Then left thy soul, that from me far away thou 'dst rove ?”

## XXIX.

“ Hath left my soul ! oh that that soul might take  
 Even now its full desire—no more to mar  
 Our mutual hopes. But no—awake ! awake !  
 Dark vengeance and the foe doth call to war !  
 The strangers come—the spoilers from afar !  
 Fair Peace flies shrieking from the shudd'ring shore !  
 Fierce Battle yelling, wheels his flashing car,  
 His blood-dy'd banner waving widely o'er ;  
 Grim Murder follows hard and bathes his hands in gore !

## XXX.

“ Soul of my father ! Say ! shall vengeance sleep ?  
Shall this right arm permit that band, so small,  
Triumphant o'er our blooming plains to sweep ?  
No ! no—my youthful breth'ren wait my call  
To lead them forth to burst the shameful thrall  
Of their dear land—obedient to her cries—  
Yes ! when to-morrow's midnight moon shall fall  
Behind the hills, a scene of death shall rise !  
Our country sinks, or traitors' blood these valleys dyes !”

## XXXI.

“ And wilt thou go to tempt the dangerous strife ?  
To mingle in the scene where clashing bands  
Will fiercely seek to drink thy flowing life ?  
Ah ! what avail, albeit so brave your bands,  
'Gainst warrior men who have with impious hands  
Bade the red lightning leave its native sky  
To yield them matchless might ! at whose commands  
The shafts of heaven to swift destruction fly !  
Oh, stay thy rash resolve ! Thou wilt not go to die ?

## XXXII.

“ Is there for us no lone deserted spot  
In furtherest wilds, where hoary Andes higher  
Than tempest-clouds exalts his head ? Is not  
There some deep cave where Earthquake might retire  
To brood upon his thoughts of embryo ire,  
Or Cougar nurse her growing progeny,  
Where Panther's yell, and shriek of Vulture dire  
Affright the ear ? Oh thither may we flee  
Nor fear its deepest gloom—it were no gloom with thee !

## XXXIII.

“ But oh ! that steadfast look, unalter’d still,  
 Too plainly tells me that I sue in vain !  
 Too plainly speaks thy fix’d, determin’d will !  
 Ye, heavenly things that look from yonder plain,  
 If ye be spirits bright—that hold your reign  
 In yon fair seats, and watch while mortals sleep,  
 Then o’er my love, till we may meet again,  
 With wakeful eyes your choicest vigils keep—  
 Should harm—let tears bedim your gaze!—forever weep !”

## XXXIV.

“ Maid of my heart ! that throbbing bosom still !  
 I go but to regain our freedom lost ;—  
 Calm these wild fears ! But oh ! enough to kill !  
 Accursed thought !—my purpose melts almost !—  
 Should e’er my spirit roam a pale-ey’d ghost,  
 No arm to shield thee from the conqu’rors’ claim—  
 Lest thou be sought by that abhorred host,  
 A captive victim to pollution’s flame—  
 This poinard take!—’tis sharp!—and death prefer to shame !

## XXXV.

“ And I will go ! But hark ! upon the air  
 Those piercing shrieks that make the rocks resound !  
 As if wrapt in the folds of strong despair,  
 Some wretch, long time in speechless horror wound,  
 At length sent forth his soul in one wild sound !”  
 “ Oh stay !—go not !” “ Away ! away !” he cried ;  
 With eager haste he grasp’d his arms—did bound  
 In swift impatience from her clinging side—  
 Sprang forth and soon was lost amid the darkness wide.

## CANTO II.

## I.

FROM rock to frowning rock—a rugged way—  
 In swift descent, with many a fearless leap,  
 The furious warrior went—to where there lay,  
 'Mid pallisading hills, a valley deep—  
 And lo! most sure th' infernal Furies keep  
 In that dark dell their fearful festival !  
 That madd'ning picture bade his spirit weep ;  
 Ay ! bade hot tears of fiery anger fall !  
 With lightning fill'd his eyes, and filled his soul with gall.

## II.

Amid the wildness of that solitude,  
 Beside the bright illuminating fire,  
 Enkindled there, three dark Iberians stood,  
 And leap'd and laugh'd in mingled joy and ire  
 To see upon those living coals expire  
 A writhing form, bound in a red-hot chain  
 Upon his back ; and as his torments dire  
 Wrung out all sense in ecstacies of pain,  
 Piercing with heated spears they bade him feel again.

## III.

While his mad shrieks were loud as the wide knell  
 Of every joy departing from the earth ;—  
 And then commingling taunting laugh and yell,  
 They clapt their hands and dance'd in horrid mirth ;—  
 But hush ! but hark ! these sounds have given birth  
 Unto a shout, the signal of dire wo  
 Unto their ears.—And, like a lion, forth  
 Termora springs.—Th' ascending flames do show  
 Two of their number bath'd in their warm blood below.

## IV.

But one, against an adamantean rock,  
 Stood planted with grasp'd shield and quiv'ring spear,  
 Seeming invulnerable to every shock  
 Of Indian arms, though palsied with cold fear.  
 As tigers, baffled of their prey appear,  
 The warrior for a single moment stood,  
 Eating his lips with ire ; then look'd, and near  
 Beheld a splinter'd crag's vast fragment rude ;  
 He seiz'd and hurl'd—and the green earth is stain'd with  
 blood.

## V.

He flew to rescue from the flame's control  
 The writhing victim's tortur'd form. He lay  
 A living cinder, and his frightened soul,  
 With one keen, piercing shriek of dark dismay,  
 Fled from its broken barrier of clay  
 To join the air. What stormy rage hath blown  
 Its fiery impulse with tumultuous sway  
 Through the fierce warrior's veins ! But hark ! a moan  
 Of utter misery breaks upon the stillness lone.

## VI.

He turn'd, and 'mid th' o'ershadowing darkness found  
 An aged man with hoary head like snow ;  
 Rude thongs, like coiling serpents, closely wound  
 About his limbs, and fill'd his frame with wo ;  
 And, as anon the spiral flames did throw  
 Their flashing glare across his pallid face,  
 Black oozing drops of blood were seen to flow,  
 Wrung from his veins by the rude thong's embrace,  
 As there he shudd'ring lay and fill'd with groans the place.

## VII.

His bonds were burst—his limbs releas'd—he rose  
 And roll'd an eye of madd'ning terror round,  
 But still the fears, his wild looks did disclose,  
 Took from his tongue articulated sound.  
 He totter'd over the uneven ground,  
 And close unto the fork'y torment came,  
 And madly gaz'd upon that body wound  
 In death's strong folds, just rescued from the flame,  
 Till rage and anguish shot through all his quiv'ring frame.

## VIII.

“ Ye beaming stars ! upon yon mighty blue,  
 Heaven hurl'd you not in anger from your plain  
 To crush th' insulting band ! Yon moon did view,  
 Nor hid her face !” Thus briefly in his pain.  
 “ Ha !” cried the warrior, “ let me look again !  
 Methinks that aged form,—that voice I know—  
 Priest of the sacred Sun's\* all-hallow'd fane !  
 Hualca ! is it thou, yon light doth show,  
 Gash'd—bleeding—fetter'd by the sacriligeous foe ?”

## XI.

“ Yes, let your eyes behold, nor sudden start  
 From their deep sockets in surprise and ire !  
 Let not o'er swelling anger burst your heart !  
 For well I know your soul 's a beam of fire,  
 Soon rous'd to wrath ; bid passion deep retire  
 Down to your inmost breast, and as a cloud

\* The Peruvians worshipped the Sun—and built many splendid edifices for the purpose of religious ceremonies, called “ Temples of the Sun.”

Veileth the lightning till the noisy choir,  
Of tempest winds wake it with voices loud,  
In calmness sheath your soul, the nurse of vengeance  
proud.

## X.

“ Listen.—When our high God had cast his ray  
O'er clouds, (that seem'd of alabaster rare,  
Mingled with molten rubies' dye,) that lay  
Around his evening tent, we did prepare  
The wonted rites, and bade him farewell there,  
With many a mystic dance and holy song :  
Till night had built her throne upon the air,  
And the bright stars came forth in glitt'ring throng,  
Within our lofty fane we did those rites prolong.

## XI.

“ And now still louder grew the pious din ;  
As in the sacred dance our maidens wound  
Through many a maze—and all is joy within,  
But hark ! without that loud portentous sound !  
I look'd—each form had grown a statue round,  
Pale, mute, and agoniz'd with breathless fear,  
As, bursting in with wild obstreperous bound,  
Three of the fierce Iberian band appear,  
With moon-like shield, and clashing sword, and quiv'ring  
spear.

## XII.

“ Our virgins stabb'd themselves in mad despair,  
And dy'd the altars with their flowing blood ;  
Like trembling deer before the fiery glare  
Of cougar's dreadful eye, our brethren stood,

And petrified with freezing horror view'd.  
 But I alone still hurl'd my angry frown  
 And keen reproach against those ruffians rude ;—  
 Then look'd above, to see upon them thrown  
 Heaven's flashing bolts in storms of iron vengeance down.

## XIII.

“ But what to them or prayer or place divine !

The tiger hears not, though his victim pray ;—

Nor heard these ruthless men, but from our shrine

Did tear the consecrated gold away,

Then bade us still appease them with more prey ;

Alas, not Curimayo's shining ore,

Nor Pampa's mines could e'er their thirst allay ;

They foam'd with ire—their falchions flash'd—the floor

Was wash'd with running rivulets of smoking gore.

## XIV.

“ But me, and one, they bound and bore away,

With many a cruel mock and hateful yell,

Like spirits dark exulting o'er their prey,

Unto the gloom of this untrodden dell,

And built this flame our stubborn souls to quell

And wrench from them the secret—where remain

Our fancied treasures. Whelm'd in tortures fell,

My comrade lay, when at his voice of pain

You brought relief, and lo ! th' impious foes are slain.”

## XV.

Rage burn'd within Tecmora's boiling breast,

And his fierce eyes were balls of living flame,

And, like volcano furies in their nest

Of fiery war, strong passion shook his frame.

“ And must I see this sacrilegious shame !  
 Must see our priests’ warm blood in torrents flow !  
 Shall faithless guests root out the Inca’s name,  
 And clothe his limbs in chains ! and must I know,—  
 Nor strike ? Away ! I’ll hurl destruction on the foe.”

## XVI.

“ Yes ! be thy fiery course as the dread path  
 Of the wild hurricane, amid the band  
 Of startled foes !—and let thine arm of wrath  
 Strike as the vollied thunder ! be thy brand  
 A sword of lightning in thy conqu’ring hand,  
 To hurl amid their scatter’d ranks affright  
 And ruin dire, till thou hast swept the land !  
 Yet not alone in thy unaided might—  
 For arms divine shall clothe thy youthful limbs for fight.

## XVII.

“ Warrior ! ere had this land a name or throne,  
 Naked and wild her savage sons did roam  
 Through deserts, dark ravines, and forests lone,  
 The rocks their bed, the mountain cave their home ;  
 Their food foul insects, or th’ unnurturing loam  
 Bak’d in the warm beams on the burning shore ;  
 Nor had our God, or priest, or sacred dome ;—  
 Huge boas and crocodiles, or fiends that roar  
 Unseen amid the storm, they trembling did adore.

## XVIII.

“ ’T was then on Titicaca’s pleasant wave  
 The sacred sun did glow with looks of love,  
 And as his beams in its clear depth did lave,  
 Their generative powers began to move

The deep prolific earth ; and soon above  
 The crystal surface, the uplifted soil,  
 With sweet cinchona crown'd, and citron grove,  
 And myrtle-buds, and passion-flowers, did smile  
 In fresh'ning prospect all—a blooming virgin isle !

## XIX.

“ And this became his fav'rite spot of all ;  
 From clear, transparent cells he drew rich springs,  
 Vocal and musical ; and forth did call  
 All fairest flowers that mov'd like breathing things,  
 Their glowing heads, fann'd by the spicy wings  
 Of playful Zephyrs in soft dew-drops wet ;—  
 And as aloft the lovely turtle sings,  
 Waving her milk-white plumes with spots of jet,  
 Through snowy boughs flits golden-plumag'd paroquet.

## XX.

“ And then, from this fair daughter of his love,  
 Two gentle babes he did call forth, and bore  
 Them to the recess of a lemon grove,  
 Hard by the murm'ring waves that wash'd the shore  
 With waters unpolluted by an oar ;  
 And in a dome, of cavern'd emerald made,  
 Through whose transparent roof he aye might pour  
 His fost'ring warmth just mellow'd by the shade,  
 These bright-hair'd children of his beams he softly laid.

## XXI.

“ And azure-pinion'd spirits came and fed  
 Them with the milk of the tall cocoa-tree,  
 And brought the loveliest moss to make their bed,  
 That seem'd like vegetating gold to be,

And mingled amethyst unto the e'e ;  
 And as they slept, those spirits laid them o'er  
 With leaves of palms, and sung their lullaby,  
 Which call'd the list'ning waves unto the shore ;  
 And e'er in dreams they taught their souls divinest lore.

## XXII.

“ And the young, fearless birds would come and be  
 Their gentle playmates, and would thither bring  
 The luscious berries of each choicest tree,  
 And sit and fan them with a purple wing,  
 And in their ears their sweetest music sing,  
 And perch upon their hands. And thus these two,  
 'Mid that delightful isle's perpetual spring,  
 Great Manco Capec and Ocollo\* grew  
 Nobler and fairer far than mortals to the view.

## XXIII.

“ One night within that pleasant cavern deep,  
 With his sweet partner, on their mossy bed,  
 Wreath'd in her lovely arms, he lay,—while sleep  
 His balmy pinions over her had spread,  
 And she had pillow'd her sweet beauteous head  
 Upon his breast ; their murm'ring lips had grown  
 Together in delight. But slumber fled  
 His eyes, and strange mysterious thoughts unknown,  
 Impell'd him forth unto the breezy shore alone.

\* The names of these founders of the Peruvian empire, and the tradition concerning their mysterious appearance upon the banks of Lake Titicaca, are familiar to all readers of American History. From these sprung the race of *Incas* or *Lords of Peru*, who were not only obeyed as monarchs, but revered as divinities.

## XXIV.

“ He stood upon a rock. Tremendous sound !  
 As if the world were burst in twain ! The sky  
 Wide yawns ! and pours a fiery deluge round,  
 That makes black Night from her grim seat to fly !  
 Dark, awful Form !—mysterious !—mighty !—high  
 As thought can measure !—on his head a crown,  
 Broad as an empire !—and an angry eye,  
 That bade the moon grow pale before his frown,  
 And hurl’d the stars from their ethereal mansions down !

## XXV.

“ His head was in the heavens. Upon the mane  
 Of tott’ring Andes he did lay his hand.—  
 One foot he plac’d upon the watery plain,  
 With one upon the solid ground did stand.—  
 The ocean bellow’d, shook the sounding land,  
 And the broad heaven was as a banner furl’d ;  
 O’er half the earth wide swept his flaming brand,  
 And Darkness from the hemisphere was hurl’d  
 And in one blaze of light lay all the trembling world.

## XXVI.

“ He spoke—Putena\* shudder’d at the sound,  
 And Cotopaxi answer’d with a roar !  
 Grim legion’d sprites in seas of lava bound  
 Up toward the heavens their wild despair did pour—  
 The billows toss’d—the rivers—forests hoar—  
 Heard the dread sound—and from its caverns forth  
 The dark tornado swept the rocking shore—  
 Tremendous all ! as though o’er the wreck’d earth  
 Ten thousand earthquakes shouted their terrific mirth.

\* Putena and Cotopaxi are volcanic mountains in South America.

## XXVII.

“ He spoke—and lifting up his mighty hand,  
 He wav’d it, and the universe grew still—  
 And then the hero heard his dread command,  
 And trembled at its awful sound, until  
 O’er mastering fears through his cold veins did thrill ;  
 Low on the earth he sank, as that loud tone  
 Of thunder bade him its commands fulfil—  
 He spoke, and vanished.—Night resum’d her throne,  
 And bound the earth and ocean in her sable zone.

## XXVIII.

“ Long time the hero lay entrance’d. He woke ;  
 The morn was shining on his happy isle ;  
 Soft at his feet the laughing ripples broke,  
 And in the wood the turtle sung the while.  
 He rose, and at his feet a radiant pile  
 Of curious arms in bright effulgence lay ;  
 He plac’d them on—then sought his sister’s smile—  
 And soon that pair did wind their blooming way  
 To where the breeze and the young wave were at their  
 play.

## XXIX.

“ And there they found a most translucent boat  
 Of spotless coral, with a dazzling sail,  
 That seem’d of woven sun-beams, which did float  
 In purple foldings in the wooing gale ;—  
 They set within its depths ; and o’er the pale  
 Marmoreal waves without the aid of oar,  
 As if instinct with life, that vessel frail,  
 Swift as a winged thought, the hero bore  
 In his effulgent arms unto the main-land shore.

## XXX.

“ He cross’d—he conquer’d—spar’d—did mildly reign—  
 A happy people till’d our valleys green—  
 He sought the heavens—and in their awful fane,  
 Where none but holiest feet have ever been,  
 That mighty armour lies. But thou, I ween,  
 Oh youthful champion ! art the chosen one,  
 Who may aspire with an undaunted mein,  
 The buried secrets there to look upon,—  
 And wear these arms and shield the children of the Sun.

## XXXI.

“ And I will be the guide unto thy feet  
 To where these arms shall beam upon thy sight ;  
 Incas’d in these invincibly thou’lt meet  
 The shock of fiercest foes. Then, ere the night  
 Forsakes the slumb’ring world, go rouse the might  
 Of all our youth—t’ avenge with bloody brand  
 The wrongs sustain’d on Caxamalca’s\* height ;  
 Hurl swift destruction on the impious band  
 Of foes !—But lo ! what awful signs o’erhang the land !”

## XXXII.

The moon had left her silent home on high,  
 And thickest darkness banish’d every star—  
 When lo ! upon the heaven’s red canopy  
 A living picture if aërial war !—  
 Footmen and prancing horse, and rattling car !—

\* It was at “Caxamalca” that Pizarro and his followers made prisoner of the Inca Atahualpa. Four thousand Peruvians were slain, while not a single Spaniard fell.—See Robertson’s *America*. Book VI.

Gigantic warriors wield their monstrous arms,  
And fiery knights come rushing from afar,  
With sword, and lightning lance, and loud alarms—  
A moment seen!—then fading like enchantment's charms.

## XXXIII.

Again the meteors beat away the gloom!  
And those mysterious armies mix in fight,  
And toss their flaming jav'lins that illumine  
The midnight heavens with a terrific light;  
Aërial chariot-wheels rush bickering bright,  
With lightning tracking their tremendous motion;  
And spectral war-steeds prance in fierce delight,  
Until the whole appears one boisterous ocean  
Of fire, and fight, and blood, mingled in red commotion.

## XXXIV.

Along the flashing skies, and down the west,  
Those hosts contend, pursue, and disappear,  
Tecmora gaz'd with deep-astounded breast,  
Until his limbs were palsied with cold fear,  
That froze the current of his veins. Him near,  
With heart unaw'd, the priestly vet'ran stood;  
No marks of terror on his face appear.  
"Behold! behold!" he cries, "the signs of blood!  
Then nerve thine arm to meet the desolating flood.

## XXXV.

"Fear not! for yonder phantom revelry  
Portends destruction to thy hated foe:  
Awake! thy soul to purpose firm and high,  
And I that sacred panoply will show—  
Come, haste with me!" His words have ceas'd to flow—

And now they turn—they climb the arduous rocks—

A moment pause, then swiftly plunge below  
Into the craggy dell, alive with shocks  
Of shouting streams leaping and foaming in white flocks.

## XXXVI.

O'er many a shady plain they pass'd along,

And palm-crown'd hill, and bamboo forest lone,

Where blooming trees stood in a spicy throng,

And solitude sat on her rugged throne

Of giant rocks, bejirded with the zone

Of silence, save when from the mountain nest,

Of savage jaguar, came a horrid tone

To break the spell—and echo's loud unrest

Was heard, like spirits in their cloudy halls unblest.

## XXXVII.

They stood upon the bright enamel'd shore,

And paus'd beside a tall, unsculptur'd stone,

That rear'd its hoary form on high, and wore

An imagery that bade the bosom own

A sense of mystery. It stood alone—

Too rare for Chance and yet uncarv'd by Art;

As if at Nature's mandate it had grown

To mark some poet's tomb, who bore his part

In this wild world, then died unwept with broken heart.

## XXXVIII.

They paused a moment by that mammoth stone,

And the old priest against it smites his hand—

And lo ! is it the mighty mysteries, known

To Genii in Arabia's wond'rous land,

Makes strong his arm ?—As at the stroke of wand

Of supernatural power, that hollow rock  
Open'd, and bade the buried scene expand  
Unto their view, as with a sudden shoek  
The door flew back, and did the secret depths unlock.

## XXXIX.

And they went in, and a descending stairs  
Of gold, unto a golden portal led—  
It open'd wide.—Is it th' immortal lairs  
Where dwell th' enfranchis'd spirits of the dead,  
Who perish'd with deep love, and hither fled,  
To feast on love in this Elysian cave ?  
Deep hollow'd 'neath the lakelets specious bed,  
Was this delightful place, and oft the wave,  
Lash'd by the storm, above its roof, was heard to rave.

## XL.

Its tessellated floors were pav'd with gems ;  
Amber and sapphire shown in rich array,  
On walls as bright as fairy diadems,  
Beneath a thousand lamps' commingling ray,  
Which in that place made artificial day,  
Fairer than that which gilds the orient height,  
When, through the red clouds bursting his proud way,  
The sun rolls up the east on car of light,  
And pours upon the air ethereal splendor bright.

## XLI.

In midst of this strange temple subterene,  
A fountain spread its soft, pellucid wave ;  
And here sweet, laughing, virgin forms were seen,  
In youthful glee, their lovely limbs to lave  
In its clear, mirrory depths, that freely gave

Their robeless charms to view ; while on its banks,  
 Giving no signs of life or motion, save  
 Those floating locks and beaming smiles, stood ranks  
 Of beauteous maids watching their comrades' merry  
 pranks.

## XLII.

Those bright-ey'd virgins wonder'd as they pass'd ;  
 Like living, breathing statues seem'd that there  
 Were grown to perfect beauty, and at last  
 Call'd into life by th' artist's earnest prayer.  
 They pass'd along by these, and came to where,  
 Beyond that waveless pool's chrystalline flood,  
 A monstrous Form !—which look'd as if it were  
 Sprung from the rocks' primeval substance rude  
 To perfect shape and limb—in towering grandeur stood.

## XLIII.

Big as Behemoth ! who, at the first chime  
 Of things, did shake, at his tremendous birth,  
 The hills, and rent the ears of youthful Time  
 With his dread roar, then died—too huge for earth !  
 Unaided by man's skill, it seem'd call'd forth  
 By mighty Nature's sovereign command,  
 When hastening here at season of her mirth,  
 To mock at Art, with her creative hand  
 She shap'd this aye-enduring wonder here to stand.

## XLIV.

Hualca touch'd its sides ;—a stream of light  
 Gush'd through th' unfolding of the door—and lo !  
 'T is hollow as the heart of hypocrite !  
 And, lit by living lamps' resplendent glow,  
 They enter—and within, a silent row

Of hoary priests did stand, with folded arms,  
 And dark-ey'd maids, who seem'd an airy show,  
 Collected there, of Beauty's choicest charms—  
 As mute as Terror in a desert of alarms.

## XLV.

He seiz'd a burning shield, shaped like the sun,  
 And fill'd with stars in constellations red,  
 And an effulgent blade, and placed them on  
 The youthful chief;—each priest then bow'd his head,  
 With all those beauteous maids, but nothing said,  
 As they beheld him in that armor bright;—  
 And then, in silent awe, Hualca led  
 Him out, amid that caverns dazzling light,  
 Unto the door—and sent him forth into the night.

## CANTO III.

## I.

Wide o'er the skies, a veil of tempests drawn,  
 Wraps lab'ring Night in pierceless darkness dire,  
 Save when the clouds with jaws of levin yawn,  
 And belch a gushing gulf of living fire;  
 The thunder spirits, in a mingled choir,  
 Terrific on their mountain towers stand,  
 And loudly-lung'd proclaim their horrid ire,  
 Hurl their hot shafts with a relentless hand,  
 And rend the roaring sky and shake the shudd'ring land.

## II.

Dark Chimborazo\* lifts aloft his form,

\*Chimborazo, one of the loftiest peaks of the Andes, is 21,444 feet above the level of the sea—and with the exception of Sorata, (on the borders of lake Titicaca,) is the highest mountain in America.

And hears beneath the dread commotion loud,  
 In calm repose beholds the battling storm,  
 And sees the new-born whirl-wind leave its cloud  
 Of rolling gloom—the lightnings' riven shroud—  
 Stalk o'er the earth and e'er refuse to save—  
 Hurl the dark forests from their summits proud,  
 Then, hoarsely howling, lash the tortur'd wave,  
 And dig within dark ocean's depths, the seamen's grave.

## III.

While, like the voice of giants in despair,  
 Who in one horrid chorus all unite,  
 The bellowing thunders rend the midnight air,  
 Ring the loud peals of boisterous delight,  
 Th' Iberian chiefs together throng to-night  
 O'er conquer'd foes to howl their wassail mirth ;  
 Ending their deeds as deeds of martial wight,  
 Whose chariot wheels of victory shook the earth,  
 Ere end in empty pomp—we fain would know its worth.

## IV.

Go ask of him of Cannae!\* who did slake  
 Th' Italian dust with floods of Roman gore,  
 Who bade an empire to its centre quake,  
 Then died an exile on an alien shore ;—  
 Or, what of old his myriad hosts did pour,  
 The builders of the Pyramids, to war  
 From east to west, till earth his fetters wore ;  
 Who harnass'd monarchs to his conqu'ring car,  
 Then old, and weak and sightless sunk—a fallen star !

\* Hannibal.      † Sesostris.

## V.

Or he,\* whose march was as the fearful tramp  
 Of earthquake, when it shakes a thousand lands,  
 The blaze of cities was the awful lamp  
 'To light to conquest his embattled bands ;  
 Kings were but puppets in his mighty hands,  
 Of crowns and sceptres he but made a mock,  
 Earth was too small a sphere.—But lo ! he stands  
 A helpless captive on his ocean rock !  
 The fool of Fortune, and the world's great laughing-stock !

## VI.

Play with your straws ! ye emmets of an hour !  
 Or savagely destroy your fellow brood  
 Of insects, ever emulous of power  
 O'er your poor mole-hill, which ye madly flood,  
 In puny strife, with one another's blood,  
 As if 't were worth the toil ye ever must  
 Put feebly forth to grasp your fancied good ;—  
 Poor reptiles, what are ye ? Dirt, meanness, lust !  
 In which ye grovel for a day, and then are dust !

## VII.

The shudd'ring skies their mighty throes have ceas'd,  
 The last, long, deep-throat thunder dies away ;  
 Sad Silence sits at the forsaken feast,  
 With sombre scowl, as if to mock the gay  
 And glitt'ring grandeur of the late display ;  
 Like dark Despair, that kills the budding flower  
 Of joy's bright spot. Sleep steals with noiseless sway,  
 And spreads o'er all his care-dispelling power,  
 Except the Spanish Chief, who treads his lonely tower.

\* Napoleon Bonaparte.

## VIII.

The clock hath sung the midnight hour to sleep ;  
Though calm the skies, no beamy moon, nor star  
Through night's wide empire doth its vigils keep,  
Diffusing radiance from its silver car.  
And still he wakes ; his winged thoughts afar  
Fly swiftly through each quick successive scene,  
A changeful chaos all of mental war ;—  
Bright dreams of golden gain and princely sheen ;  
Till on a couch he sinks in slumbers not serene.

## IX.

In sleep delusive visions still appear,—  
Strange, shapeless ghosts from buried Reason's grave—  
And melt the soul with bliss or freeze with fear,  
Nor one short moment one resemblance have ;—  
With flying fleets he cross'd the windy wave,  
And, arm'd with wealth, hath grasp'd imperial sway ;  
In fair Peru now builds his kingdom brave ;  
And now, in dreams, he seeks the fancied fray—  
But hark ! that sound !—he starts—he wakes in wild  
dismay.

## X.

Yon bursting blaze !—the noise—the din without !  
That scream—that groan—those dying curses low !  
That startling yell !—that wild, terrific shout !  
Awake ! to arms ! to arms ! the foe ! the foe !  
It is ! it is !—the conquer'd strike the blow !  
Up springs the chief—small fear his soul doth feel ;  
His fiery thoughts with madd'ning fury glow ;  
His helm and mailed coat his limbs conceal—  
His falchion gleams—he stands incas'd in stubborn steel.

## XI.

Red bursts the blaze with broad and lurid glare,  
 And wreaths round Darkness' robe a belt of light,  
 Waves to and fro, and flashes in the air  
 Like flames of a volcano's fierce delight,  
 Turning to radiant day the realm of night—  
 Disclosing wild, tumultuous uproar round,  
 With sudden beam—confusion, horror, flight—  
 Shrill shriek and shout thro' night's wide waste resound,  
 And the far mountain cliffs reverberate the sound.

## XII.

'T is terror all ! as when the mighty joy  
 Of Earthquake doth some city's pomp o'erthrew—  
 Their vengeful hands impatient to destroy,  
 On sweep with bloody brands the eager foe !  
 Loud ring their shouts ; and, smiting as they go,  
 They tread beneath their feet the flying crowd ;  
 Rejoiced to see the victor's might laid low  
 By Justice's sudden stroke—as turret proud,  
 Dash'd to the dust by flash of dreadful thunder cloud.

## XIII.

But fierce Tecmora, bold beyond the rest,  
 With foeman's blood now gluts his grim desire ;  
 Flashes his eye ! and boils his angry breast !—  
 His tall form seen amid the rising fire,  
 He seems a Fury from the realms of ire,  
 Some demon landed from the Stygian shore,  
 Who, wing'd with rage, hath left th' infernal choir ;  
 He presses on and fiercely tramples o'er  
 The fallen foe, and shouts at sight of hostile gore.

## XIV.

Scatter'd as forest leaves and eddying clouds,  
 When whirlwind's rapid arm hath swept the land  
 And rent the parting woof of heaven, the crowds  
 Affrighted fly. Oh ! ye impetuous band,  
 Avenge your wrongs ! nor stay, until the brand  
 Hath wash'd them out in the red streams that pour  
 From their torn limbs ! Ha ! falter ?—Who withstand ?  
 Th' Iberian Chief and ready guard !—no more [o'er !  
 Your wrathful arms prevail !—your hour of triumph's

## XV.

There ! there they stand in panoply of mail !  
 Unto your mad approach a stubborn lock ;—  
 In vain 'gainst them your arrows thickly hail !  
 Incas'd in steel they laugh to scorn the shock !  
 Unshaken stand ! as firm as frowning rock,  
 That spurns the foaming waves that howl beneath !  
 As fanged wolves survey the feeble flock !  
 Your slaughter'd band lies strewn in fearful death,  
 And Freedom wails, weeps tears of blood, and yields her  
 breath.

## XVI.

They fall, and bleeding, bite the gory ground,—  
 Few ! few escape to seek the shelt'ring wood  
 But pale in death lay trampled far around ;  
 Their furious chief surviv'd ; he sternly stood,  
 Like lordly oak that hand of tempest rude  
 Bereft of mates ; wrath nerv'd his arm as slain,  
 Or bound, or fled afar, his band he view'd ;  
 Nor smote his swift descending stroke in vain ; [chain.  
 Till press'd, o'erpower'd, he sinks—he wears the captive's

## XVII.

Unfriended, fetter'd, gash'd in many a part,  
 The brisk blood flowing free and fearfully  
 From wounds—none keen as baffled fury's smart—  
 With boiling breast and anger darting eye,  
 He stands before his haughty enemy.  
 “What tempting fiend ? What hope presumptuous, rude—  
 Hath led thee here to kill—to bleed and die ?  
 What bade thee hither bring thy ruffian brood  
 With midnight torch and murd'rous knife ?” “To drink  
 thy blood !”

## XVIII.

“Proud words in sooth ! and well become the foe  
 Upon whose head the storms of ruin black  
 Prepare to burst ! If still so stern, I'd know,  
 When, stript and scourg'd, upon your bleeding back,  
 With shriek and groan you welter on yon rack—  
 Torn limb from limb—while fiery anguish glows  
 Through all your frame—increasing in attack ;—  
 Think you yon coals a fragrant bed of rose ?  
 Prepare upon that couch to seek your soft repose !”

## XIX.

“Subdue to chains th' indignant ocean wave  
 When lash'd to fury by th' unfetter'd wind !  
 Or bid the pathless comet be your slave !  
 Do this ! but ne'er presumptuous seek to bind  
 In cords of fear this free, eternal mind !  
 Fearless I stand—though bleeding, wounded, worn,  
 Denied of death, for fiery pains design'd,  
 The last sad remnant of my band forlorn,  
 Unfriended, fearless stand, and laugh your threats to scorn.

## XX.

“ Think ye with fear this soul would ever quail,  
To grant success unto your craven whim ?  
Would joy your heart with one short groan ? Assail  
With keenest pangs this frame ! tear limb from limb !  
Until death’s closing cloud of darkness grim  
Begins to gather o’er my filmy gaze,—  
As the bright tempest torch amid the dim,  
O’ershadowing mist, would Hate still lend her rays—  
From ’neath these lids still flash one firm, vindictive blaze.

## XXI.

“ This soul, unfetter’d on its viewless flight,  
With lingering pinions yet awhile would stay—  
Fling back its deepest curse of hate to blight  
Your heads, before it e’er could speed away ?  
When in that free, far world our spirits stray,—  
Where’er the realms to souls enfranchis’d given—  
Our meeting path shall ring with strife for aye ;  
We ne’er could dwell within one common heaven :  
Tecmora or his foe must from its bounds be driven.

## XXII.

“ Yes, wreak on me your sanguinary will !  
Full on this head your darkest hatred pour !  
Avenge your slaughter’d comrades’ fate ! and still  
Swell the red flowing stream of crime the more ;  
Prepare your torturing rack ! ’T is thus, if o’er  
My head had fortune smil’d, I’d treated you ;—  
Oh for the might of giant fiends, that roar  
Beneath the burning hills, to blast your crew !  
’T is vain—then glut your ire and still defiance view !”

## XXIII.

“ Well hast thou spoken, and the chosen meed  
 Is fully thine—nor shall our hands be slack  
 To pay thee nobly for each gallant deed.  
 Ho ! sieze him ! strip him ! flay that bleeding back !  
 With fiercest pangs his writhing body rack !  
 Tear, piece by piece, his quiv’ring flesh away !  
 And wrench each shrinking nerve !—till, swollen black,  
 His tongue can scarce proclaim the thirst, that aye  
 Wrings out the stubborn life refusing long to slay.

## XXIV.

“ But hold ! forbear !—unequal to the strife,  
 Too soon from out his shatter’d frame would wear,  
 Fast rushing through those wounds, the ebbing life ;  
 To dungeon cells that mangled carcass bear !—  
 Heal those deep cuts !—his shatter’d strength repair !  
 And carefully each prison want supply !—  
 Until, with vigor nerv’d, his frame can dare  
 Stern Torture’s grip,—then lead him here to die  
 With lingering pangs, sharp shriek, and anguish-rolling  
 eye.”

## XXV.

Amid a lonely lake, that softly spread  
 Its crystal waves, a mirror to the sky,  
 A sunny islet rear’d its flowery head,  
 And laughing lay before th’ admiring eye,  
 Three hundred paces from the mainland nigh ;  
 Here Nature lavish’d charms divinely fair,  
 And dipt its scenery in her brightest dye,  
 As when she forms abodes of beauty where  
 Not grovelling man may dwell, but happy shapes of air.

## XXVI.

Long ling'ring here, the vocal evening gale  
 Steals sweets ambrosial from the aloe grove,  
 Where butterflies do kiss each flower, then sail  
 Away like fleeting dreams of early love  
 That leave the heart too soon ;—and here doth rove,  
 On purple pinions, the blithe humming-bird,  
 The fairy of the scene ; while streamlets move  
 Amid their blooming banks, where e'er is heard  
 The bee's low-murmur'd love-lay to the rose preferr'd.

## XXVII.

As if providing Nature sought to screen  
 From ought, pure spirits' raptur'd gaze beside,  
 Th' Elysian beauties of so bright a scene,  
 With rocky ramparts she had striv'n to hide,  
 From mortal eye defend each lovely side ;—  
 A frowning battlement, uprearing steep,  
 In rugged arches beetled o'er the tide ;  
 And here the waves, fatigued with play, would creep  
 From 'neath the bright sun's burning blaze and shaded  
 sleep.

## XXVIII.

Amid this isle there stood a stately tower,  
 Built by some lordly chieftain's high command ;  
 A palace proud and Pleasure's blissful bower,  
 A soft, delightful spot, while o'er the land,  
 Benignant Peace wav'd wide her rosy wand  
 And wing'd with Joy each breeze o'er fair Peru ;  
 Whilom Tecmora's sires, at summer bland,  
 Oft here in sweet luxurious ease withdrew, [view.  
 Where Nature spread her tranquil charms to bless the

## XXIX.

Dead is the mirth that once rang through those walls,  
 The voice of music chang'd to wail of wo,  
 As when the wormwood of dark passions falls  
 Upon young hearts and poisons all their flow,  
 Bidding blithe youth the curse of age to know,  
 And premature decay. Here, in his cell,  
 Tecmora broods upon his fortunes low ;  
 Where Pleasure tript, treads sturdy sentinel—  
 The princely dome becomes a dungeon dark and fell.

## XXX.

Chill were the icy fears that froze his veins,  
 And on his heart with hand of horror prest,  
 As sad he sat, and the sharp clank of chains  
 Fell dully on his ear and stunn'd his breast,  
 He moves no limb.—As when a fiery pest,  
 Breathing blue curses wide beneath the sun,  
 Hath sudden swept the pride of city blest,  
 And left within its voiceless streets but one,  
 Who mutely stands the scene of death to gaze upon.

## XXXI.

But soon one torturing fear hath all possest  
 The empire of his soul, and rules supreme,—  
 He thinks of her—his absent love. And drest,  
 Like spectral horrors of some woful dream,  
 Imagination's madd'ning pictures seem  
 To burn, like shafts of fire, his whirling brain—  
 He fancies her wild wo—her shriek—her scream—  
 He writhes—he foams—he calls aloud.—Again  
 Shrill Echo calls—like viewless demon mocks his pain.

## CANTO IV.

## I.

Land of the sunny South ! romantic clime !  
Peruvia ! all thy beauties still are there,  
Albeit the theatre of blood and crime,  
As now the crimson wheels of conquest bear  
The martial demagogue o'er vallies where  
Once reign'd in peace the children of the Sun ;  
Ill-fated spot ! thy scenes are still as fair  
As aught thy ancient God e'er gaz'd upon—  
Save Freedom's happy land, the land of Washington.

## II.

Yes, lovelier, oh my country ! lovelier far  
Are thy most rugged scenes unto mine eyes,  
Than where, 'mid clouds of gold the evening star  
O'er soft Hesperia's glowing hills doth rise ;—  
From hale New England's plains and deep blue skies,  
To where the wolf or grisly bear's fierce call,  
The hunter hears, or alligator's cries  
Mingle with roar of river's thundering fall,—  
Still Freedom makes thee fair—the fairest land of all.

## III.

And curst be he ! yes, may he fiercely feel  
A withering curse ! who with foul hands would stain  
Thy altars, Freedom ! or against thy weal  
Would ever plot ;—may palsy seize his brain !  
And may'st thou ne'er, my country, need again  
Or Henry's voice, or Vernon's chief to lead  
'Gainst tyrant's minions on the battle plain ;  
Nor Brutus' arm ; but should'st thou ever need,  
Then may it sternly strike ! then may the traitors bleed !

## IV.

Remote from human view, embosom'd sweet  
 'Mid hills, with bright acacia crown'd, there spread,  
 In blooming brightness out, a fair retreat,  
 Where Spring admiring tript with magic tread,  
 And wav'd her bounteous wand as on she sped,  
 Weaving th' enchantment of delightful bowers,  
 Where sudden sprang, and rear'd each blushing he ad,  
 Beneath her fairy steps the fairest flowers  
 That e'er with blissful sweets did tempt the vernal showers.

## V.

Clear bubbling founts the fragrant shade among  
 With playing waters charm'd the raptur'd e'e ;  
 While rival poets of the woodland throng,  
 Soft on the ear did pour their vocal glee,  
 Where gay-wing'd oriol's tuneful minstrelsy,  
 'Mid orange-groves, and milk-white turtles coo,  
 Mingled their notes ; while fairy colibry,  
 Like winged sapphire gems, did gently woo  
 Each blossom's ruby cup, then far away he flew.

## VI.

Eastward a mountain tower'd unto the woof  
 Of deep blue clouds—whose sides with crags did frown,  
 Splinter'd by the red lightning's fiery hoof,  
 Or by the earthquake's mighty shoulders thrown  
 From their eternal seats. Wild streamlets down  
 Its sides leap'd laughing to the valley scene,  
 The molten jewels of the mountain's crown,  
 That once had gleam'd afar in dazzling sheen  
 Beneath the day—now chang'd for coronet of green.

## VII.

Bright as the spirit of a poet's dream,  
Amid this scene was Zeba, lovely one !  
Fair as Aurora when, with locks of beam,  
She springs from the embraces of the sun,  
And blushing stands the eastern hills upon,  
Kissing away the tears of youthful flowers,  
That wept beneath the midnight shadows dun,  
And mourn'd with dewy drops her absent hours ;  
Well pleas'd to see her leave again her orient bowers.

## VIII.

Within this lone, delightful spot, her home,  
How like a beauteous fawn the banks along  
Of vocal streamlet was she wont to roam,  
Or tread the waving woodland shades among,  
To catch the warblings of the minstrel throng,  
And if the joys, within her heart that reign,  
Do mount in simplest music to her tongue,  
Admiring echo scarce responds again,  
As if to mock such heavenly notes were deem'd profane.

## IX.

But ah ! of late, from that sweet, tender cheek  
Corrosive sorrow stole the bloom away,  
And copious tears, from eyes so heavenly meek,  
Adown her face like liquid pearls would stray,  
And lend her beauty yet a brighter ray,  
As weeping skies beget the brilliant bow,—  
For oh ! her warrior youth was far away,  
And Fancy summon'd up her wildest show,  
And pierc'd her bleeding heart with knife of keenest wo.

## X.

A week was with the Past ;—she sorrowing stood  
 Upon the shore—yet fair was Nature’s child  
 As Beauty’s Queen when wafted from the flood  
 To the soft Cyprian shores by zephyrs mild,  
 When waiting Spring at her glad coming smil’d,  
 And Summer—Autumn, flew to greet their Queen  
 With looks of love,—and howling Winter wild,  
 Relax’d his rugged brow and smil’d serene,  
 As there she stood the radiant empress of the scene.

## XI.

She speaks not, moves not, stirs not ;—sure it be  
 A sweet Narcissus ! form’d by sculptor’s hand  
 And plac’d beside the solitary sea,  
 To view its mirror’d charms, and gently stand  
 An image rare of beauty and command.  
 Nay, see again ! that heaving breast alone,  
 Like wand’ring nymph’s in fam’d Arcadian land,  
 From girding garment free and circling zone,  
 Now softly swells, a beating heart within to own.

## XII.

Thus lonely, lovely, weeping on the shore  
 She stands and gazes on the moon-lit sea ;—  
 She starts !—“ Hush ! hark ! it is a plashing oar  
 Upon the waves—a boat ! and rapidly  
 It comes across the foam—’t is he ! ’t is he !  
 Oh boundless rapture ! he will come once more ;  
 Is safe ; and I again that form shall see,  
 Dearer than life !” The boat hath smote the shore—  
 And ’t is not he—and all is gloomy as before.

## XIII.

“ Thou art not he ! Oh say, and canst thou tell  
 Aught that may cheer my heart in this sad hour ?  
 Know you what dreadful fortune hath befall  
 Tecmora ?” “ In the ruthless strangers’ power,  
 A pining captive in the island Tower ;  
 With bleeding, shackled limbs he there doth lie  
 Waiting the fiery storms that o’er him lower ;  
 To-morrow ends his lone captivity,  
 In cruel torture’s fierce embraces then to die.”

## XIV.

She faints not—falls not—no wild, fearful start—  
 No voice—no sudden bursts of shrill despair  
 Announce the misery of her breaking heart ;—  
 She stands in mute amaze, all wildly fair,  
 Like marble Agony in sculptur’d prayer ;—  
 But now ’t is o’er !—her hopes again revive,  
 And point her future, forward way ;—and where  
 Young Love and Hope in close communion live,  
 Their faintest smile a rainbow to life’s storms can give.

## XV.

The western hills were pav’d with golden sheen,  
 Shed from the bosom of the lord of light,  
 And mimic islets thronging thick were seen  
 Hast’ning to catch his parting splendors bright ;  
 Like blazing shield of seraph on the height  
 That mighty orb in ling’ring lustre shone,  
 Then, slowly sinking, set ;—majestic sight !  
 It bade Peruvia’s gentle children own  
 The God of day, and bow before his brilliant throne.

## XVI.

"T is past the noon of night ; and in the cope  
 Of dark blue skies, the moon still holds her home,  
 Her face half hid in dusky clouds, like hope  
 Beaming through sombre grief's obscuring gloom ;  
 The stars still gild their gem-inwoven dome,  
 And over the wide world their vigils keep,  
 And softly smile, except when clouds do come  
 To veil their light—as if from their high steep,  
 They saw some scene that bade them hide their eyes and  
 weep.

## XVII.

The wavelets lay reposing on the lake  
 That circling clasp'd about that lovely isle,—  
 Or gently now, as playful breezes wake,  
 Lift up their heads and on them passing smile,  
 Hard by upon the shore that lofty pile,  
 Tall tow'ring through the night doth dimly stand,  
 As on it fall the starry beams the while,  
 Like pictur'd palace seen in dreaming land,  
 Or airy structure rear'd by swift enchantment's hand.

## XVIII.

Before its strong-bar'd doors, in silent mood,  
 He slowly pac'd—that sturdy sentinel ;—  
 His burnish'd arms flash'd on the solitude  
 In quiv'ring brightness, as upon them fell  
 The beams of heaven. In sooth ! 't is guarded well—  
 That prison place—if to his post still true ;—  
 Incas'd in steel those lusty limbs, and swell  
 Those youthful veins with life and vigor too ;—  
 Breath'd but a breath and forth his glitt'ring falchion flew.

## XIX.

But see ! a sylph ! a noiseless shape of air !  
 A spirit wand'ring from its airy halls !  
 With robeless breast and long dishevell'd hair,  
 It steals along !—'t is hid behind yon walls !  
 The moon is wrapt in clouds ;—the gloom appals  
 The heart as darkness o'er the skies is thrown ;—  
 She rushes forth !—a glimm'ring steel !—he falls !  
 Sinks to the earth like heavy weight of stone,  
 And bleeding, yields his life with short and stifled groan.

## XX.

She stops one moment by her fallen foe,  
 One moment bends his breathless body o'er,  
 As, spouting freely forth in purple flow,  
 Upon the ground fast falls the gushing gore ;—  
 Then wipes her reeking knife nor pauses more,—  
 With hasty hand hath grasp'd the prison key  
 And silent stands before the massive door ;  
 The lazy locks with creaking plaint obey—  
 Fly back—her form hath faded from the sight away.

## XXI.

He lay within his cell, and watch'd the flight  
 Of weary hours, and day succeeding day  
 In dull and dreary round ; nor day, nor night  
 Had, for that lonely soul, a single ray  
 To pierce the shroud of gloom in which it lay.  
 Time slowly roll'd until a weary week  
 Was slumb'ring with the voiceless past for aye ;  
 To-morrow's sun shall see his fetters break ! [shriek !  
 To-morrow's eve,—and th' eaglets o'er his limbs may

## XXII.

Thus in his cell he lay forlorn ;—but sleep  
 Had stolen away the memory of his woes,  
 And, in a dream of airy change, did steep  
 His anguish'd soul. A sudden vision rose,—  
 He sat beside the sea ; in still repose  
 The winds lay lull'd upon the water's breast ;  
 With tender joy his beating bosom glows  
 As, like a turtle seeking its soft nest,  
 His love lay pillow'd on his heart in placid rest.

## XXIII.

The air is balmy with the breath of May ;  
 Soft zephyrs o'er the sea each other chase  
 And sport with silvery feet upon the spray ;  
 When lo ! a boat !—it bears the hated race,  
 Th' accursed strangers of the paly face !  
 It shoots along—it nears—they land—nor spoke,  
 But tore his dovelet from her nestling place—  
 He sprung fierce forward—when a sudden stroke  
 Fell on his brow, and darkness o'er his senses broke.

## XXIV.

He woke again ! and gliding o'er the sea,  
 The swift oars glancing in the sunbeams warm ;  
 On ! on, they sped !—and from the shore did he  
 Behold his love clasp'd in the spoiler's arm !—  
 And frantic now she tore away her form  
 And wildly plung'd into the dark deep tide !—  
 The closing waves smile o'er each heavenly charm,  
 Like Hope o'er infant death. He wildly cried,  
 In anguish, rage, and grief. He wakes—she's at his side !

## XXV.

“ And hast thou left thy starry home, where late  
 I saw thee flee, to quell my deep despair ?  
 A spirit now, to soothe my lonely state ?  
 But no ! that breathing form !—that face so fair !  
 That heaving breast !—these lips !—that floating hair !  
 It is ! it is !—my love—my all is here !  
 More bright than happy habitant of air !  
 And is it thou, unto my soul so dear,  
 Whom now I see ? Or do vain visions still appear ?

## XXVI.

“ But speak—oh say !—what fate awaits thee tell !  
 And calm my aching soul’s solicitude !  
 Why art thou here within this guarded cell ?  
 Ha ! see !—that hand !—’tis stain’d with dripping blood !  
 Oh cruel sight !—and have that ruffian brood  
 Then led thee here to sad captivity ?  
 Must that fair form waste in this solitude ?  
 Oh, death indeed ! art thou condemn’d with me  
 To taste to-morrow’s flames ?” “ I come to set thee free !

## XXVII.

“ Yes ! yes ! ’t is I have come !—nor guarded door,  
 Nor massive bolt, from my belov’d could part !  
 Thine hours of sad imprisonment are o’er !  
 This reeking poinard here, (nay, do not start !—  
 Love bade the deed !) hath reach’d the craven heart  
 Of thy fell jailor, and hath lain him low—  
 This knife thou gav’st to free from shame !—thou art  
 Escap’d the cruel thraldom of thy foe !  
 Free as th’ unfetter’d winds that o’er our valleys blow !

## XXVIII.

“ But haste !—young Day contends with yielding Night !  
 The traitor stars are rushing from the view !”  
 No more, but forth they rush in eager flight ;—  
 They reach the murmur’ring strand—“ What ! no canoe ?”  
 “ Nay ! nay ! I swam the lake, for well I knew  
 That loudly the quick plash of gleaming oar,  
 (And drowsy night has ears to waken too,)  
 Would sound along this solitary shore— [bore !”  
 But softly, through the space, these limbs the wavelets

## XXIX.

They pause not—plunge into the friendly tide,—  
 The silver sea, receiving, smiles serene,  
 And waken’d ripples, o’er its surface wide,  
 Lift up their heads and glow with joyous mein,  
 The while amid the parting waves is seen,  
 As side by side they go, that faithful pair,  
 Now in the middle space ;—you might, I ween,  
 Admiring at the sight, have deem’d they were  
 A Nered and her love. But hark ! upon the air

## XXX.

That sudden shout of dire portent ! It ceas’d ;—  
 Again ! again !—a wild and fearful note !—  
 The infant day is struggling in the east,  
 And paves with light the mountain scene remote.  
 Through the dim dawn is seen a bounding boat !  
 Fierce arms are glimm’ring in the golden light !  
 Ay ! dreadful death is on the waves afloat !  
 Gaily it dances o’er the waters bright,  
 As hast’ning where some scene of revel doth invite.

## XXXI.

That shout fell on their ears, as loud it rose,  
 The death-knell to their hope of safety o'er ;—  
 Fearful as midnight voice of many woes !  
 Piercing with horror's knife the bosom's core !  
 Frantic they reach'd the mainland's murmur'ring shore ;  
 A high cliff, crown'd with darkly waving pine  
 And gloomy cypress far above doth soar ;  
 Rude rocks along its rugged sides recline,  
 On its tall top the first faint beams of morning shine.

## XXXII.

They reach its base—the craggy height ascend ;  
 They faint—they pause to catch a hasty breath—  
 A sudden flash !—a deafening sound doth rend  
 The echoing rocks !—from off the waves beneath  
 Whirls through the hissing air the winged death !—  
 And one wild, piercing shriek the heart appals—  
 Then blood bestains the verdure underneath  
 Their feet with crimson dye. She reels !—she falls !  
 She sinks upon the earth ! Young life hath burst its thralls !

## XXXIII.

With horror bound, long time he moves no limb,  
 But mutely, wildly stands,—nor speaks, nor hears,  
 Save that last stifled sigh, a sound ; to him  
 Nought but that lovely, lifeless form appears ;  
 Those manly cheeks drink floods of gushing tears  
 That ne'er had tasted liquid grief before ;  
 His piteous moans the sobbing zephyr bears  
 Upon its wings ;—he hangs that chill'd form o'er,  
 Watching the cruel wound whence flows the purple gore.

## XXXIV.

Upon the steep appear'd the murd'rous band ;  
The sight each fiery pulse of fury woke ;  
No friendly weapon then within his hand,  
With angry arm he wrenched a branch of oak,  
And wild upon his fierce pursuers broke ;—  
Three sunk below into the sounding tide,  
Dash'd down the rock at each avenging stroke ;  
When, pierced with many wounds, he reach'd her side,  
And faintly fell upon her lifeless breast—and died.

THE  
MISOBION.

---

Ignovisse putas, quia, quum tonat, ocius ilex  
Sulphure discutitur sacro quam tu?—*Persius.*

---

I.

The brightest season brings her loveliest flowers  
And strews them gently o'er the laughing earth,  
And with her charioteers, the blooming Hours,  
Crown'd with magnolia wreaths, she wanders forth  
To wanton in the wild-wood, where the mirth  
Of the gay mocking-bird is heard the while,  
And beauteous oriol's hymns, that wake the birth  
Of jessamine and passion-flowers, that smile  
In fragrant groups amid that lone romantic isle.

II.

Delightful spot! that 'mid the river's tide  
A Paradise of living blossoms lay,  
Breathing delicious balm!—like a young bride,  
In all her blooming loveliness of May,  
With transport sighing her pure soul away  
In love's enraptur'd arms.—Each flowery hill  
Banquets with sweets th' enamor'd zephyrs gay,  
That bathe their dewy winglets in each rill  
That flows with music to the river's bosom still.

## III.

Sure an Elysium of the waves, so fair,  
 Was never made for scenes of mortal pride !  
 And lo ! a sylph ! a fairy shape of air !  
 Is ling'ring by the water's lonely side !  
 Her unbound tresses floating loose and wide,  
 Woo'd by the winds that wake the waves to greet  
 Her with soft homage, rolling from the tide,  
 Like living things to kiss her lovely feet,  
 As there she stands romantic, solitary, sweet.

## IV.

Ah maiden !—if indeed such heavenly grace  
 Did e'er belong unto a mortal child—  
 Why pensive gaze upon thy beauteous face  
 Impictur'd in the wat'ry mirror mild ?  
 Mayhaps thou art like him,\* in woodland wild,  
 By pining Dryades belov'd in vain,  
 Who ne'er, albeit on him the fairest smil'd,  
 Ere he beheld his face, had known love's pain,  
 But furnish'd then the shaft to tear his heart in twain.

## V.

Thus stands she with her beauty-beaming brow,  
 By that sweet shore within her myrtle bowers.  
 But see ! she starts ! a rustling of the bough !  
 That wakes the butterflies in golden showers,  
 And, from his past'ring 'mid the dewy flowers,  
 Scares far away the little colibry,  
 That seems a steed for tiny elfine powers.—  
 And why that sudden start ? He comes ! 't is he !  
 She holds him in her arms with heart of eestacy.

\* Narcissus.—See Ovid's Metamorph.—Liber III.

## VI.

They wildly lov'd !—Since boyhood's halcyon hours,  
 Those bright enchantments ne'er to come again,  
 His soul had only known her soothing powers.—  
 Ere he beheld her face he mix'd with men,  
 Nor had he ought of fellow-feeling then  
 With one the cold and selfish crowd among ;  
 He was alone, a cheerless denizen,  
 Unlov'd, with none to love, amid the throng—  
 He silent stood,—contempt and pride had seal'd his tongue.

## VII.

Vain ! vain th' attempt to read the volum'd soul  
 In the flush'd brow or lustre-beaming eye !  
 Deep in the mount infernal furies howl,  
 Along its sides fair vineyards greet the sky,—  
 Strong earthquake-fiends in silent durance lie,  
 And 'neath the bloom of earth, their horrors hide.—  
 Light fool ! to deem the mein so sad, so shy,  
 But heartless coldness !—tear that veil aside !  
 What see you now ? Love, hate, and tenderness and pride.

## VIII.

As some deserted, desolated isle,  
 Far from the genial South's delightful shore,  
 'Mid fields of ice where sunbeams never smile—  
 Grim Darkness broods, eternal breakers roar,  
 And at its feet their fearful fury pour,—  
 When sudden o'er it bursts meridian day ;  
 Wild Winter howling flies afar, no more  
 To hold his horrid reign ; clouds melt away,  
 And on its beach th' unfetter'd wavelets laugh and play.

## IX.

"T was thus her love, like zephyr's balmy wing,  
 Spread through his soul a pure, serene delight,  
 Chas'd clouds away and made one gentle Spring ;  
 For heavenly love imparts another sight,  
 And robes surrounding scenes in dazzling light :—  
 Or, if by chance a transient cloud did rise  
 T' obscure the calmness of their summer bright,  
 One rainbow beam shed from those tender eyes,  
 Rebuk'd the melting mist, in beauty rob'd the skies.

## X.

And did they thus now fondly meet—to part ?  
 Did fate then urge him to a foreign shore ?  
 And was consumption at his aching heart,  
 Albeit his cheek the flush of health yet wore,  
 Then fiercely preying on the very core ?  
 Yes, they must part ! and in his soul abide  
 The cruel thought that they may meet no more ;  
 Yet still he did the dark conviction hide  
 Beneath a face of smiles—or, but for her he sigh'd.

## XI.

And now they part with aching heart of pain,  
 That with its fiery tooth doth nigh consume.—  
 Fondly they parted—ne'er to meet again ;  
 For in far Indian isles, o'er his lone tomb  
 The bird of Paradise did wave her plume,  
 And milk-white turtles sang his requiem wild.  
 He died ;—her soul was sepulchred in gloom,  
 And from that dreadful hour naught e'er beguil'd  
 Her heart of grief ; she liv'd, but never more she smil'd.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*

## XII.

The sickly sun hath led the languid day,  
Not with a glow of beauty from the sky,  
But darkly sinking 'mid the ocean's spray,  
Like broken-hearted wretch—that from the eye  
Of the cold world would shrink away, and die  
In solitude unknown.—Night hath unfurl'd  
Her sable standard from her seat on high,  
And broods with sombre visage o'er the world,  
And mutt'ring winds are heard and distant thunders hurl'd.

## XIII.

Hark ! 't is the trampling of the whirlwind steed,  
That yelling leaves the misty mountain caves,  
And bears the tempest's car, with frantic speed,  
Amid the maniac company of waves,  
That howl with rage like tortur'd giant slaves,  
And lash'd to fury, rush in wild uproar  
To scale the headland rock, that sternly braves  
Their mad attack upon the sounding shore,  
Spurning the foaming mob with loud indignant roar.

## XIV.

The cloud of levin yawns !—mysterious form !  
What art thou ?—Standing on yon beetling steep,  
That rears its brow amid the bellowing storm,  
And totters o'er th' unfathom'd roaring deep—  
A moment seen as living lightnings leap  
With blazing torch along th' illumin'd sky !  
Thy long locks floating in the winds that sweep,  
With fearful yell, like shudd'ring spirits by !  
Now veil'd in utter gloom, and hid from keenest eye.

## XV.

Again a momentary flash!—most sure  
 It is the awful spirit that awoke  
 The madden'd waves to lift their mingled roar,  
 And bade the whirlwind bear the tempest's yoke,  
 And launch'd the thunder-shaft to deal its stroke  
 Of sulphury death!—Nay, 't is a human form!  
 Fearlessly ling'ring on the shaken rock,  
 It stands, amid the uproar of the storm,  
 And views the billows drink the lightning red and warm.

## XVI.

Yet she was bow'd with age, for she had known  
 A hundred years sink to their gloomy grave,  
 And all the flowers of her life were thrown  
 Amid the past-eternity's dark wave.  
 Nor did the iron hand of Ruin save  
 A single hope her soul did ever know;—  
 All! all were gone! and chiefly he who gave  
 The smiles of Eden to this veil of wo.—  
 She was alone! without one kindred heart below.

## XVII.

She stood in solitude; and often she  
 Had wish'd for death to lay her in the shroud  
 Of voiceless quietude;—but never he,  
 Before whose stroke omnipotent are bow'd  
 The young, the fair, the mighty and the proud,  
 Had aim'd at her the terror of his dart;  
 And never yet one single gloomy cloud  
 Of sickness had oppress'd her aged heart;—  
 She stood like oak that tempests vainly strive to part.

## XVIII.

And she despair'd of death and darkly thought,  
 By God forgot, it was her awful doom  
 To stay on earth till earth should fade in naught,  
 And sun, and moon, and stars should find their tomb  
 In dark unfathom'd chaos' specious womb,  
 Despair usurp'd her tortur'd soul to lay  
 Upon her mind a load of ceaseless gloom ;  
 Goading her on with fiery thoughts for aye,  
 Till madness e'en began t' assume its dreadful sway.

## XIX.

And she forsook th' abodes of men, and o'er  
 The desert wilds would roam, or even past  
 Her lonely days beside the rocky shore,  
 To view, with fearful joy, the maniac blast  
 Rush forth and lash the waves to whirlpools vast,  
 And dig in ocean's depths a sepulchre  
 For shatter'd ships. And here she came and cast  
 Upon the unpitying winds her tale of fear,  
 While eddying storms swept by like wailing demons near.

## XX.

“ Black night, be blacker yet ! and gather gloom  
 Of thickest horrors, as a funeral pall  
 Enveloping the trembling globe ! Assume  
 The aid of winds and mighty storms, and call,  
 The sounding sea to burst the rock-built wall,  
 That holds its howling waves, and clasp the earth  
 In arms of deadly dalliance !—’T were all  
 More welcome far than summer day of mirth, [to birth.  
 Though tempests drown'd the land and earthquake sprang

## XXI.

“Thou dread Omnipotent ! whose mighty hand  
 Sustains the chain that binds the earth and sky,  
 And congregated worlds in one command !—  
 At thy behest the tempests lift their cry  
 And roar in might, and at thy mandate high  
 The billows sink to ripples on the sea ;  
 Thou givest life, or bid’st Death’s arrows fly  
 And lay the sad to rest. Thine eye doth see  
 All living things in this wide world—ay ! all but me.

## XXII.

“ Yes ! I’m forgot, and doom’d to linger here  
 Amid these scenes of dreariness and wo,  
 And hear the shriek of each departing year,  
 That with irrevocable flight doth go  
 To seek its grave amid the shadowy flow  
 Of the dark Gulf of Past-Eternity.—  
 Yes, I shall linger here, and when the blow  
 Of Fate destroys the aged earth, shall see  
 Time’s wailing ghost stalk o’er the things that cease to be.

## XXIII

“Thou Sun ! that hold’st thy far resplendent throne  
 Amid yon azure halls of living light ;  
 Ye stars ! ye worlds ! and shall I hear the groan  
 Of each, as struck with strange and wild affright,  
 Ye headlong plunge to never-ending night,  
 And Chaos dark usurps the universe,  
 When that tremendous hour, with fated flight  
 Advancing on, shall hasten to rehearse  
 To earth the doom of death, the guilt-begotten curse ?

## XXIV.

“ And once I lay entomb’d in slumber.—Lo !  
Terrific Phantom ! with a fiery crown,  
That, like the light of blazing realms, did throw  
A sea of rays far over space ! a frown !  
At which the empire of the spheres o’erthrown  
From their fix’d adamantine seats, where whirl’d  
Ten thousand suns in fiery ruin down,  
As through the wreck of things thy voice was hurl’d,  
Loud as embattled earthquakes revelling o’er the world.

## XXV.

“ I saw thee, Ruin !—Death !—At the dread sight  
Earth felt a tremor to her farther’st zone,  
As though tornadoes did combine their might  
In howling myriads, and had o’er her blown  
The wrath of all her oceans. Wildly thrown  
A maniac mass in eddying circles round,  
The sport of chance, she sank with a mad groan,  
Which, wasted o’er the void, with dreadful sound,  
Did shake grim Horror’s seat, and his wide realms astound.

## XXVI.

“ She heav’d, and toss’d, and roll’d, and in despair  
Did wildly plunge unnumber’d fathoms deep,  
Beyond the flight of thought on fancy, where  
Chaotic Night mysterious sway did keep  
With brooding Silence and eternal Sleep,  
That fled, loud-yelling, from their shaken throne,  
And left their sceptres, as the awful sweep  
Of empires fragments and the mighty groan  
Of stifled nations o’er the pathless waste were thrown.

## XXVII.

“ Down ! down she sunk—then sudden paus’d—and lo !  
 Darkness hath perish’d ! and the sea—the plain—  
 The universe is fire ! The heavens, that glow  
 Like heated brass, terrifically rain,  
 In blood-red streams, a fearful hurricane  
 Of liquid thunder on the lower scene !  
 The mountains melt, and with the hissing main,  
 Fights the fierce element—and then is seen  
 The lava of the molten earth where earth hath been.

## XXVIII.

“ Alone I welter’d ’mid that smoking sea,  
 On fiery Andes rolling to and fro,  
 But sunk not—perish’d not. And I did see—  
 Terrific conflict ’mid that ocean’s glow !  
 ’T was thee, oh Death ! and now thine only foe,  
 All-conquering Time !—He fought—with mighty scream  
 Sunk in the sulph’ry Maëlstrom’s jaws below,  
 Which his wild struggles made. And now supreme  
 Thou wert o’er all. But sleep had mock’d me with a  
 dream.

## XXIX.

“ Ay ! and that hour must come. But until then  
 I ever here must drag my gloomy days,  
 Amid the world a joyless denizen ;  
 And, e’er uncheer’d by hope’s enlivening rays,  
 Must view the light of youthful beauty blaze  
 Across my path, and hear the hateful sound  
 That gladsome revelry and music raise,  
 While grim despair hath gather’d close around  
 My soul a canopy of gloominess profound.

## XXX.

“ Oh life ! I hate thee ! but my soul is bound  
 To thee as with a cireling chain of fire.  
 Once I was young and fair ;—even then I found,  
 When every eye did follow and admire,  
 Thy strongest ties were bound with brittlest wire ;  
 Thy hopes—thy joys were but as meteors bright,  
 Soon doom’d to plunge in darkness and expire—  
 And Love was like the messenger of night,  
 That leads astray, then hides its wand’ring lamp of light.

## XXXI.

“ But now I move ’mong men a shape of fear,  
 Oppress’d, and shunn’d, and lonely, and forlorn,  
 And fill’d with many woes. As if some sphere  
 From its fix’d place by hand of Fate were torn,  
 And wildly ’mid its shrinking fellows borne  
 A moving sepulchre of mighty gloom !  
 A wand’ring world of dismal horrors, shorn  
 Of every ray of hope !—’T is thus the doom  
 Of terror drives me on without a light t’ illume.

## XXXII.

“ The lightning cleaves the clouds !—Hark ! ’t is the oak,  
 Hurl’d with a yell of consternation dread  
 From yon tall height ! Why not on me the stroke ?  
 Is there no bolt for this accursed head ?  
 Ye lightnings, pity !—lay me with the dead !  
 Thou hissing wave ! that drank that shaft of death,  
 Is there not fearful rest upon the bed  
 Of sands thy dark and gloomy depths beneath ?  
 Yes, there is glad release from all the toils of breath.”

## XXXIII.

The morning came and stood upon the height  
Of eastern hills, and smil'd the clouds away,  
And beams in beauty on the world ;—and bright  
And lovely 'neath the renovating ray,  
And deck'd in rosy smiles all nature lay,  
Unmindful of the pangs that did deform  
Her face of late. But where was she, the prey  
Of madd'ning woes, who brav'd the midnight storm ?  
ASK OF THE SOUNDING SURGE THAT ROLL'D ABOVE HER FORM.

THE  
CAROLINA PINK.

---

I.

'T was Indian Summer—sweetest of all times !

Oh ! that some poet of our mother nation,  
Or of our own, had been there with his rhymes,  
To view the beauties of the vast creation,  
And hear the wild birds blend their mellow chimes,  
(For they had not as yet commenc'd migration,)  
Mix'd with the music of the purling brook,  
Which we are told is a good sermon book.

II.

And had he seen the gentle breezes sweep

The ponds where boys had launch'd their tiny shipping,  
Or, in the pastures seen the merry sheep,  
And happy cows, the fragrant clover nipping,  
Or, on the sunny hill-side all asleep,  
I'm sure he'd set to jumping and to skipping,  
Till every man, who did his raptures note,  
Would take him for some worthy sheep or goat.

## III.

But as for me, alas ! I may not write  
 Sweet rural hymns concerning things like these,  
 Nor tell how softly, through the starry night,  
 The spicy breezes murmur'd through the trees,  
 For I must sing of a most bloody fight,  
 Which once took place along by the PeeDee's  
 Green borders, where great Sumpter and great Marion  
 Fed our rebellious crows on loyal carrion.

## IV.

And there they broke the galling yoke we bore ;—  
 Thank heavens ! although the struggle was quite hard,  
 it's off—  
 And there it was that fiery James did floor,  
 With brandish'd arm-chair, the old haughty Ardiesoff,  
 Incens'd at the uncivil oaths he swore,—  
 And 't was exactly right ! for (the blackguard !) his scoff  
 Might have arous'd wild rage's Vesuvian flames  
 In meeker breasts than that of Captain James.\*

## V.

Full oft the records of these deeds of glory,  
 From other authors, have enraptur'd us all ;—  
 But with a tale of mine I'm going to bore ye ;  
 It is the life and death of BILLY FUSSEL,  
 Who is to be the hero of my story,—  
 Yet for that honor he will have a tussel,  
 And maybe when you see him in this poem,  
 Like Milton's hero, you will scarcely know him.

\* See Life of Marion.

## VI.

Well, honest Billy lov'd the good King George ;—  
'T was taught him with his prayers and catechism,—  
A lesson which he never could disgorge,—  
Besides, the king was strongest then in that great schism,  
And Billy own'd some acres and a forge,  
With scores of blacks, and all his flaming patriotism  
Was concentrated on that little spot,  
And in that focus grew extremely hot.

## VII.

And yet no little spot was his estate ;  
Three thousand acres held in special fee tail,  
Besides three hundred negroes, small and great,  
Held in like manner, and a male and female,  
Old honest Sambo and his sable mate  
In fee ;—and yet, if we but credit the tale  
Of some, though rich enough to wear a collar  
Of gold, he priz'd a cent as you'd a dollar.

## VIII.

'T was all entail'd upon him and his children ;—  
The will had pleas'd him better had it not in  
It one condition which was quite bewild'ring ;  
For if his brother Peter, now forgotten,  
Come back and wedded and had sons, 't was will'd in  
The paper that his title should be rotten ;  
And though it might not now stand good in law,  
The lawyers then all said they found no flaw.

## IX.

T' escape escheats our hero took a wife,  
 And soon he found she was his greatest treasure,  
 The lump of sugar in his cup of life,  
 That made it nectar sweet beyond all measure,  
 And yet 't is whisper'd that there was some strife  
 Between them once, and that it was her pleasure,  
 One night, to sew her sleeping spouse the sheet in,  
 And then she gave him a tremendous beating.

## X.

But these connubial frolics she forgot all,  
 As age came on with wrinkles and cold cares,  
 When for sweet comfort she procur'd a bottle,  
 And then one winter evening, after prayers,  
 First bathing her probocis in the pottle,  
 As in the dark she ventur'd up the stairs,  
 She tumbled down and fractur'd her neck-bone,  
 And there she gently died without a groan.

## XI.

Now, Billy then was nestled in his bed,  
 Quite snug, and senseless, and asleep, you see,—  
 But in the morn he found his wife was dead,  
 And so he shed some tears, (I think 't was three,)  
 But soon the idea popt into his head,  
 That now he 'd have to purchase some less tea,  
 Besides, his daughter Peggy, now full grown,  
 Could mend his clothes, and so he ceas'd to moan.

## XII.

His daughter was a charming maid of thirty,  
With locks almost the color of a rose ;  
Her teeth were ebon, and (when 't was not dirty,)  
Her face was white, except that on her nose,  
Which to her eyes politely made a courtesy,  
Some moles their sable selves did all disclose ;—  
Ye maids ! round each of whom there's such a *bustle*,  
Who of you all might vie with Peggy Fussel !

## XIII.

Some call their heroines the rose of Sharon,  
Some to the lily liken them, I think,  
Blooming amid a lovely valley by a run  
Where the gazelles come down at eve to drink—  
But beauteous Peggy, with her reddish hair on,  
We will just style the Carolina Pink,  
Or, if you like it best, Pink of Perfection,  
For I leave every one to his election.

## XIV.

“ Full many a gem of purest ray serene  
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear,  
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,  
And waste its sweetness on the desert's air,”  
And such the fate of our sweet pink had been,  
“ To soothe a father's couch her only care,”  
And patch his clothes and mix his cup of brandy,  
At all of which she was extremely handy.

## XV.

Her sire had taken now to apple-toddy,  
In memory of her poor lamented mother,  
Or else to keep the warmth in his old body,  
Or for some philosophic cause or other ;—  
But any how, though in a sage quiet odd, he  
His charming child incessantly did bother,  
For good warm drink, and if she were so crabbed  
As to refuse him, he would grow quite rabid.

## XVI.

And thus she pass'd her days in solitude,  
With filial hands her father's drink a brewing,  
Like turtle-dove in some romantic wood,  
Without a mate forever there a cooing.—  
She had no lovers, for no person would,  
If he were prudent, venture there a wooing,  
While she was guarded by her father's crutch,  
Which, 'gainst her will, at such times he would clutch.

## XVII.

She had no lovers ;—not that her sweet graces  
Would never have invited a sweet kiss,  
Besides she had some cash and several places,  
(Or was to have,) and in an age like this,  
When every body poor old Plutus chases,  
Gold is the rail-road where love rides to bliss ;—  
She 'd had some scores—but Billy thought 't was money  
For which they came and not for Peggy, honey.

## XVIII.

And so he order'd them to cease their visits,  
And back'd the order with his hick'ry stout,  
For when replete with brandy, he had his fits  
Of courage, which in sundry oaths rush'd out,  
Albeit his malediction oft would miss its  
Rightful object, for he 'd begin to pout,  
And snap, and snarl, as savage as the devil,  
If any one to her were even civil.

## XIX.

Now, our sweet maiden had no kind of notion  
Of fritt'ring thus away her precious life,  
With naught to do but mix her father's potion,  
Or with her broom-stick quell the rising strife,  
When in the kitchen gather'd a commotion ;  
She long'd excessively to be the wife  
Of some one—'t was no matter, so 't was somebody  
Who would not always keep her making toddy.

## XX.

It was the custom of her father Billy,  
(A custom he was never known to break,)  
To give himself unto his cups until he  
Did feel oppress'd, and then a nap he 'd take ;  
He always slept six hours, and when his fill he  
Had got of slumber, he would then awake  
And, looking on his child with charming grin,  
Would ask her for some brandy or some gin.

## XXI.

He slept one day so sound he could not hear,  
In sweet oblivion lull'd, like a great fat tick  
Basking at ease upon a mastiff's ear,  
Or inaudlin poet snoring in an attic,  
A stranger then to earthly ill or fear,  
Or student lost in reveries mathematic,  
When Peggy her red blushing tresses curl'd,  
And took her bonnet to go see the world.

## XXII.

There was a ball held in a neighb'ring village,  
Where there were quarter'd many soldiers brave,  
Tories, who ere the war had follow'd tillage,  
But when they saw the royal standard wave  
Over their bleeding land, they thought that pillage  
A much more lucrative employment gave ;  
And so they sign'd and sent in their petition  
To fight and plunder, with the king's permission.

## XXIII.

In short, they were as brave a set of fellows  
As ever stole a negro or a turkey,  
Or when the trumpet brays and cannon bellows,  
And with its breath the atmosphere grows murky,  
Through which the musket-peals do seem to tell us,  
*Now, gentlemen, we are going to work ye,*  
As ever, at the startling word—*advance*,  
Advanc'd right backwards by mistake or chance.

## XXIV.

There our sweet maiden stood in beauty blooming ;  
How she got there I do n't pretend to say,—  
But only that the brilliant bright ball-room in,  
With glowing smiles that might have chas'd away,  
Like-sun-beams o'er a mist, the dismal gloom in  
The heart of misanthrope and make him gay,  
Sweet Peggy Fussel stood in all her charms,  
A freckled face, red head, and stout red arms.

## XXV.

Indeed, with her large head beneath a shower  
Of golden tresses o'er a person small,  
'T would seem as if from Eden's famous bower,  
When it had grown in yellow glory tall,  
Fed by the silvery dews, some bright sun-flower  
Descending from its slender pedestal,  
Had walk'd right forth in all the pride of life,  
In imitation of Pygmalion's wife.

## XXVI.

And in good faith the people seem'd to think,  
She was some living, breathing flower of beauty,  
So swarm'd around our Carolina Pink,  
(Maybe they fancied that it was their duty,  
Maybe attracted by her eye's soft wink,  
Maybe because they thought that she was booty,)  
As thick as bees around a rose-bud glide, or  
Wasps, flies and hornets o'er a cask of cider.

## XXVII.

Indeed to see how she was there ador'd  
 Was to a calm spectator very funny ;  
 The maiden was quite coy, and could afford  
 To be so too, because she had some money,  
 Which made her sweet as a stone-jar well stor'd  
 With nectar, manna, sugar-candy, honey ;—  
 While all were languishing, (unlike the sun,)  
 Her eye beam'd life and bliss on only one.

## XXVIII.

He was a gallant Captain and a tory ;  
 Before the war he plied pick-axe and spade,  
 But now trod the bright path of fame and glory,  
 And with his brilliant virtues would have made  
 A hero suitable for epic story ;—  
 He boasted that he was of naught afraid,  
 And that there was no man to pull his nose able.  
 Because he was to give some sturdy blows able.

## XXIX.

To tell the truth, he was in the attack  
 The bravest and most daring man alive,  
 For once, with fifty fellows at his back,  
 He like a living thunder-bolt did drive  
 Right in the midst of a rebellous pack,  
 (I think they were in numbers four or five,)  
 But then his comrades say that very drunk he  
 Had got, and that had made him fierce and spunky.

## XXX.

And now he came, like Cæsar, with his laurel,

(Those things that sage philosophers so vex,  
Who think that killing men is quite immoral,)

And saw and conquer'd 'mongst the other sex.—

Ye heavenly fair ! whose magic beauty o'er all

Our bosoms reigns, there's no one more respects,  
Yet I must say, some ladies choose their lovers,  
As some their volumes, by their shining covers.

## XXXI.

No one admires the women more than I ;—

I've had some hundred holes shot through my heart  
By that keen, dangerous weapon which doth fly

(I think the poets call it Cupid's dart)

From 'neath the lashes of a soft blue eye ;

But, though it caus'd a pretty stinging smart,  
Each time it hit, thank God ! the wound clos'd o'er  
And left the heart as sound as 't was before.

## XXXII.

The first I lov'd she was of course quite fair,

And I was young and more than half a fool ;

So I ador'd the maid as if she were

Some Goddess, such we read of at school ;

But youngsters, I would bid you all beware

How you, in wooing, follow that same rule.—

I knelt—ador'd—but when my love was spoken

I found my idol false and my heart broken.

## XXXIII.

But I went home and mended it once more,  
 And ate my dinner—and it came to pass  
 I fell in love again, and 't was with four  
 Fair maids at once—and then, alas ! alas !  
 I never was in such a straight before,  
 And did resemble much the famous ass  
 Who died of hunger 'twixt two stacks of hay  
 Ere he determin'd which should be his prey.

## XXXIV.

While I was daily doubting in my mind  
 Which one of the fair four to make a madam,  
 I was reliev'd from doubt, alas ! to find  
 Myself most wretched of the sons of Adam ;  
 For these four fairest of all womankind  
 By other swains were woo'd and, hang it ! had 'em ;—  
 They all got married, leaving me alone  
 In single blessedness to make my moan.

## XXXV.

I did not take Time by the fore-lock, so  
 He's taken hold of mine, and pull'd away  
 Half of the hair that on my head did grow,  
 And what he left his cold touch turn'd all grey ;  
 Yet still my heart is young, and I avow  
 I love the women, to this very day,  
 More than all other earthly things, by far—  
 Except a brandy-julep or cigar !

## XXXVI.

Reader, I fear you 'll say I am a *bird* ;  
 But I assure you *Fowler*, the phrenologist,  
 Who felt my head, hath never so averr'd  
 (And certes he must be an *ornithologist*,  
 For so 't is indicated by the word  
 That makes his name, if I am a philologist ;)  
 For, when he felt the bumps upon my head, he  
 Affirm'd my brain was not at all unsteady.

## XXXVII.

'T is true, he said I was somewhat combative,  
 But then my wrath ne'er lasted ev'n an hour ;  
 He also said I was sometimes amative,  
 But like the bee would rove from flower to flower ;  
 Was never mean, and would my coat or hat give  
 To one who 'd fallen into misfortune's power ;—  
 And so God bless the bumps ! God bless Phrenology !  
 If I go wrong it points out an apology.

## XXXVIII.

God bless all things ! the nation's President  
 Especially, so worried by the Whigs ;—  
 God bless my soul ! I wonder what he meant  
 When, spite of Taylor, whom, with slashing *Twiggs*  
 And warlike *Worth*, he to the Bravo sent  
 To cut the throats of Mexicans like pigs,  
 He let that bloody devil, Santa Anna,  
 Return to shed our soldiers' blood like manna.

## XXXIX.

A force of twenty thousand men possessing,  
 Whose empty bellies got a bellyful  
 Of fight at Buena Vista, he a lesson  
 From Taylor learnt ; who, putting on him *Wool*,  
 Made him look *sheepish*,—giving him a dressing  
 That made him bleat out louder than old *Bull*  
 At Lundy's Lane ; for he beheld a *Lane*  
 Wherein to find a *turn* he look'd in vain.

## XL.

So thought 't was a rough road he had to travel,  
 Which made the yellow devil look quite blue,  
 (*Our President is green*) and kick the gravel  
 And dust behind, as, making tracks, he flew  
 From victory he'd gain'd beyond a cavil,  
 Had Taylor's pills not purg'd him through and through ;  
 But dosing out saltpetre mix'd with lead, he  
 With his patients grows unpopular already.

## XLI.

God bless the President and his pure press !  
 I'm fearful that they 'll take me for a *Whig*,  
 Which doubtless would their honest souls distress ;  
 But I entreat them not to care a fig ;—  
 Though on my scalp a huge one I possess,  
 I long ago did in my breast-pin rig  
 An image of old Hickory ;—so in me  
 What 's *wiggish* is but the *head's* fault, you see

## XLII.

And can't be call'd an error of the *heart*,  
 Where all is sound unto the very core,  
 And deeply vers'd in Democratic art.—  
 God bless the President ! I said before ;  
 God bless his friend ! who strangely did depart  
 From Cerro Gordo ;—but he 'll come once more,—  
 He left his leg behind *for bail*, you see,  
 And thereby manag'd to get off *Scott-free*.

## XLIII.

God bless the *left* leg of so big a bug !  
 'T is a most valuable *leg I see*  
 Thus fall'n to Valor in the fearful tug  
 Of *arms* ; a limb lopp'd off from Glory's tree  
 When he *cut stick* ; the *conquer'd piece* we 'd lug  
 From stubborn foes. And an *odd elegy* \*  
 We must award now in the Muses' strains  
 To the *gone coon* who 's left us his remains.

## XLIV.

God bless those fiery editors ! who write  
 So fiercely, and with goose-quills are far bolder  
 Than ev'n our army in the hottest fight,  
 Of which the world is an amaz'd beholder ;—  
 They 'll say my Pegasus has tried to bite  
 A piece out of the President's broad shoulder ;  
 If so, I do affirm my steed 's an ass,  
 And has a notion that *all flesh is grass*.

\* L-e-g ?—Printer's Devil.

## XLV.

But certes, 't were a national mishap  
 To wound that shoulder which still stoutly bore,  
 Like Atlas—(not a chart, but that old chap  
 So famous in the fab'lous days of yore)—  
 A world of cares ;—but, if with Treasury pap  
 They 'd fill his trough up, he 'll do so no more,  
 But quiet down and fatten on his feed,  
 And nicker mournfully to see it bleed.

## XLVI.

Or, if his savage humors will not cease,  
 I 'll sell him to the Government, that he  
 May go to Mexico and bite a *peace*  
 Out of the bloody devils there, you see ;—  
 Or, if his appetite they won't appease  
 By quickly giving him a *piece* with free  
 Good will, the greedy beast, upon my soul !  
 Will make a sudden grab and take the *whole*.

## XLVII.

They 'll doubtless now insist I am a *bird*,—  
 I mean that pure and patriotic crew—  
 And eke make *game* of me, when 't is averr'd  
 I on *non usitata penna* flew ;  
 But ye aforesaid editors ! who 've heard  
 My voice, I gently warn ye, how ye do,  
 Seeking to cripple me with a critique,  
 Venture to take me boldly by the beak.

## XLVIII.

For you may find it a big ugly *bill*,  
And not a *bill of fare* ; and you 've enow  
Of heavy *bills* to handle, or you will,  
Ere you get out of that outrageous row,  
Wherein the Mexicans you mean to kill—  
So seek no row with me, or you 'll allow,  
Ere long, I pluck'd this famous pen of mine  
Forth from the pinions of a porcupine.

## XLIX.

And each of you but a goose-quil can bring,  
When he stands forth to dare me to the fight,  
The feeble product of his own weak wing,—  
So soon may find himself an unhorsed knight ;  
And as with Cranes when fought the Pigmy King,  
His glory 'll all be found but a bad *bite* ;  
For I assure you I don't mind the *dander*  
Of any petty gabbling goose or gander.

## L.

I do not mean to bully you, my boys,  
Wishing you but to let me warble on,  
Making my *harp* the *organ* of my joys  
Ere yet the summer tide of song is gone ;—  
So, hoping that my music ne'er annoys,  
If you 'll shake hands and let my Muse alone,  
You have my promise to leave off digressing,  
Bestowing first on all of you my blessing.

## LI.

But we have left the ladies.—Coats of scarlet  
Have queer attractions for their beaming eyes ;  
'T is passing strange ! yet maybe after all it  
Displays a taste extremely nice and wise—  
Though I have seen my mother's goslings squall at  
A man who wore a coat of many dyes—  
But of the fair I hope there very few be  
Who'd stoop to wed a military booby.

## LII.

Such being their humane, woman, mothish nature,  
To be attracted always thus by glare,  
You can't expect that such a guileless creature  
As our own heroine should escape the snare ;  
So, though the captain's nose was a strange feature,  
That turn'd up always at the stars to stare,  
In spite of hooked snout and bandy leg, he  
Quite took by storm the heart of gentle Peggy.

## LIII.

He talk'd with her, he laugh'd with her, he danc'd with her,  
As graceful as a monkey and as light,  
He smil'd with her, he sigh'd with her, he glanc'd with her,  
And squeez'd her pretty freckled hand so tight,  
And then he whisper'd that he was entranc'd with her ;—  
He manag'd to go home with her that night,  
And as old Billy 'd slumber'd but five hours,  
And had one left, they sought the garden bowers.

## LIV.

And there he woo'd her and she frown'd and smil'd—  
 And then alas ! alas ! it all was over,  
 And Mr. William Fussel's charming child  
 Had found at last a fond, adoring lover !—  
 At least that pair beneath the moonlight mild,  
 Billing like nightingales I did discover ;—  
 And from that hou<sup>t</sup> he came, when at his leisure,  
 To woo her there, and thought he'd got a treasure.

## LV.

But ah ! how short the space that's given to man,  
 Or woman, boy, or girl of mortal bliss !  
 We but have time in our allotted span  
 To greet each other with a parting kiss,—  
 Who of you all, (deny it those who can,)  
 Of earthly pleasure ere had more than this ?—  
 Our maiden felt the force of this reflection,  
 As you will find in reading the next section.

## LVI.

For all her blooming prospects soon did fade  
 Before the malice of a little fairy,  
 Who in her father's premises had made,  
 Among the flowers, his habitation airy ;—  
 These things are out of date, and I'm afraid  
 My want of sweet simplicity will weary,  
 But maybe I may write twelve books, and will  
 Then want *machinery* for my epic mill.

## LVII.

Besides I'm fond of these sweet things of air,  
 Who in the rose or tulip's cup encamp,  
 So that if I some great Aladdin were,  
 With several thousand vassals of the lamp  
 Obsequious at my bidding to repair,  
 And naught my lightest wish or whim to cramp,  
 By all the saints ! as I'm a living sinner,  
 I'd have a fairy pie each day for dinner !

## LVIII.

And yet these little animals, I know,  
 Will make sad havoc with *simplicity*,  
 Which you 're aware just now is all the go,  
 When babies weep and wail in melody,  
 And every trifle into song must flow,  
 So that a farmer can't shoot from a tree  
 A villian black-bird, but some thousand curses  
 Are pil'd upon him in pathetic verses.

## LIX.

Last night I took one of these odes pathetic,—  
 ('T was penn'd, I think, by Mrs. Lucy Lackaday,  
 Though poet Sombreface made it poetic  
 By some few verses which he there did pack away)—  
 The doctor sent it me for an emetic,—  
 I needed one because I hurt my back a day  
 Before—'t was on a babe, that like a blossom  
 Bit by Jack Frost, died on its nurse's bosom.

## LX.

I read it to my faithful dog, old Sancho—  
A namesake 't is of the immortal Panza ;  
His father's name I think was Spank or Spanko—  
Of noble line as any in the land, sir—  
To him I read how this poor baby sank low  
Into the tomb, and at the first sad stanza,  
As if his canine carcass had a soul in,  
He burst right forth in sympathetic howling.

## LXI.

Among the brutes he was a Heraclitus,  
A very feeling and extremely nice dog,  
Who ne'er could have it in his heart to bite us ;  
But there is Lilliput, a frisky phice dog,  
That in one breath would fawn upon or fight us,  
A very versatile, playful, and unwise dog,—  
He skipt about as merry as a calf  
And at the solemn ode began to laugh.

## LXII.

But to the fairy ;—well, he felt quite spiteful  
And wag'd a ruthless war against the lady  
Who other folks declar'd was so delightful ;  
For one day, in the window, as his head he  
Pillow'd at ease, she plac'd a tumbler right full  
Of toddy on him, and as good as dead he  
Lay one whole night in durance vile and cruel,  
And of that very barb'rous treatment grew ill.

## LXIII.

For as he there lay moaning he caught cold,  
 Which brought on fever following an ague ;  
 And, if you'd seen him as he toss'd and roll'd  
 In pain, and shook his little arm and leg, you  
 Would not have blam'd him when you heard him scold,  
 And fret, and say " Oh, cruel maid ! I'll plague you,  
 If I should be so fortunate as ever  
 To get quite well of this accursed fever."

## LXIV.

The elfine doctors came and potter'd o'er  
 Their patient, and advis'd an amputation,  
 Assuring him it would effect a cure,  
 Besides 't would show their skill in their vocation ;  
 But when the little fellow stoutly swore  
 They should n't hack and hew him like a ration,  
 They grew less bloody,—shook their heads and gave  
 Some calomel—took their fee—but could n't save.

## LXV.

So, finding no salvation in their drugs,  
 He had recourse to a Thompsonian quack,  
 Who, after having survey'd him with some shrugs,  
 T' expel the ague which his limbs did rack,  
 Bath'd him in the hot juice of lightning-bugs,  
 At which the fever came with fury back,  
 And then he hid him head and shoulders o'er  
 In cakes of ice,—but did n't effect a cure.

## LXVI.

They left him, (though in sooth he was not dead,)  
As soon as they could smell an empty pocket,  
With a most raging fever in his head,  
Which made him dart as wildly as a rocket  
Around the tulip where his couch was spread,  
With each eye starting madly from its socket ;  
And then the neighbors rush'd to see the show,  
And said, " Poor thing ! he 's not long for below !"

## LXVII.

But they were disappointed—for the elf,  
In spite of doctors and of neighbors good,  
After some weeks of pain, got well himself,  
And then 'twixt him and Peggy rag'd a feud,  
As deadly as 'twixt Ghibeline and Guelph,  
For in his veins full wrathfully his blood  
Did boil—and he did play her many a trick  
For having made him so confounded sick.

## LXVIII.

And now 't was at the balmy evening hour,  
As the all-glorious sun was setting bright,  
The fay lay basking in a purple flower,  
Scribbling some verses on the charming sight,  
When he beheld within a fragrant bower,  
(Billing and cooing there with all their might,) The lady and her lover, and so thought he  
Would now repay her for her treatment naughty.

## LXIX.

And so he captur'd a huge humble-bee  
 And on his golden back did get astride,  
 Putting a goss'mer 'twixt his teeth, that he  
 His winged courser might the better guide ;  
 And then he let the bridle rein go free  
 Over his glossy neek, and off did glide,  
 As swift as vengeance, to where did repose  
 Old Billy snoring through his big red nose.

## LXX.

The bee there settled, thinking 't was a bud ;  
 But soon his little rider 'gan to kick him  
 With his sharp thistle spur, that brought the blood,  
 Which made him fight old Billy's nose and stick him  
 With his keen sting, in very savage mood ;  
 And Billy, when he felt the creature prick him,  
 Open'd his eyes, and as he ceas'd to nod he  
 Began to think about his apple-toddy.

## LXXI.

But where was she, the "one sweet minister,"  
 Who cheer'd his solitude and brought him grog,  
 And had she flown and dar'd to leave him here ?  
 He seiz'd his crutch—I hope 't was not to flog—  
 But in his face some fury did appear,  
 And maybe, as he foam'd like a mad-dog,  
 And rush'd about the chamber helter skelter,  
 If he had met her he'd begun to pelt her.

## LXXII.

He search'd the cellar, garret, and the kitchen,  
And then he thought he 'd better search the yard in,  
So plunging out he tumbled a deep ditch in,  
That almost might have held a bounding pard in,  
And there he roll'd—but getting out, did pitch, in  
Accumulated rage, into the garden,  
And rushing down the walk, at last he found her—  
Oh death ! oh Furies ! with his arms around her !

## LXXIII.

'T is dreadful to the boatman, mid the night,  
To feel his vessel strike a hidden sawyer !  
Dreadful to Mexicans when, in full flight,  
They close behind the Yankees' loud hurrah hear !  
But snag nor shouting Yankee e'er caus'd fright  
Like Peggy's when her angry sire she saw here,  
Who told her lover to be off quick, or he  
Would bring him in acquaintance with his hickory.

## LXXIV.

Some men had ta'en to flight like wounded widgeons,  
But ours was brave—albeit he trembled much.—  
Oh women ! women ! gentle doves, or pigeons !  
How many men for you their weapons clutch !  
For you the Grecians murder'd all the Phrygians !  
For you the Captain broke old Billy's crutch !  
(I think it cost three-quarters of a dollar,)  
And then he took the old man by the collar.

## LXXV.

Had it not been for sweet Miss Peggy Fussel,  
 He 'd scamper'd off like an absconding debtor,  
 But in her presence he did make a bustle,  
 Like a stout boxer fighting for a bet, or  
 Like Pilgrim with Apollyon \* in a tussel ;—  
 And mischief had been done—but with a letter  
 Old Sambo enter'd gaping much and staring  
 At Massa boxing and the Captain swearing.

## LXXVI.

And so the combat ceas'd, for each began  
 To find his foe a pretty sturdy beater ;  
 And Billy, when he'd puff'd awhile, did scan  
 The paper, and had look'd a little sweeter  
 If it had been from any other man  
 Than his own, long-forgotten brother Peter,  
 But as it was it made his wrinkled forehead,  
 With joy or sorrow, look quite rough and horrid.

## LXXVII.

He read it yet again—and o'er and o'er—  
 And then his loud and piteous wail was like  
 “ The wolf's long howl on Oonolaski's shore,”  
 And all the while his aged breast he 'd strike,  
 And in the ancient mode his robes he tore,  
 And, as if through him had been thrust a pike  
 Of red hot iron, cut full many a caper,  
 And told the Captain to read “ *that there paper.*”

\* See Bunyan.

## LXXVIII.

"T was short but not so sweet ;—for it did state  
That Peter, victim to a pirate's knavery,  
Some twenty years in bondage wail'd his fate,  
And then escap'd by his heroic bravery,—  
Came home, and settling somewhere took a mate,  
(For habit now had made him fond of slavery,)  
Or happily, or otherwise it may be,  
But any how his wife had had a baby.

## LXXIX.

And then some one inform'd him that the will,  
Now made him master of each money keg,  
And black, and acre held by brother Bill,  
Who then too old to work might stoop to beg,—  
What wild dismay the lover's heart did fill !  
“Without a negro or a cent ! then Peg—  
Or rather charming Peggy !—my poor heart !  
I fear 't will break !—alas ! alas ! we part !”

## LXXX.

Chill horror seiz'd the maiden, all distrest,  
At these appalling words ;—with her alarms  
Her love grew stronger in her faithful breast,  
And round his neck she threw her stout red arms ;  
The struggling soldier found that they possest  
Attractive powers as well as her bright charms—  
Until his wig flew off, and lo ! his scalp's  
Bald barren surface shone like the broad Alps !

## LXXXI.

And like the Alpine snows it froze her quite ;  
 She loos'd her hold, the gallant warrior fled  
 As swiftly as he did when, in the fight  
 Some six months afterwards, the flashes red  
 Of the loud cannon caus'd his steed affright,  
 At which the rider gently turn'd his head  
 And spurr'd him—whither, little did he reck,  
 So 't was from battle—but he broke his neck.

## LXXXII.

As for our other man, he was allow'd  
 A pittance by his near and dear relation,  
 Who, though he'd been a slave, did not seem proud  
 And puff'd up by his sudden elevation ;  
 So Billy, though his heart was somewhat bow'd,  
 In gratitude pour'd forth a full libation  
 To all the gods, and chiefly to old Bacchus,  
 Of whom we read when pedagogues did thwack us.

## LXXXIII.

Of his potations he was no abater,  
 Until one summer day was seen to pour  
 From out that famous hole where many a “tater”  
 Had strangely vanish'd to be seen no more,  
 A fiery stream as from a yawning crater,  
 And he Mount Etna was in miniature,  
 Belching forth smoke and flame, red, blue, and yellow,  
 Which made him jump, and kick, and howl, poor fellow !

## LXXXIV.

He perish'd, and the doctors said he died of  
*Spontaneous combustion*, which is, I think,  
A most terrific fate that doth betide oft  
Those wretched men who swallow down strong drink—  
The students stole his body,—took the hide off,  
And then they had a subject and a *st-nk* ;  
While Peggy planted, o'er the empty tomb,  
Two roses which next spring began to bloom.

## LXXXV.

And then she wept—this poor heart-broken daughter—  
And the bright melting rubies in her head  
Distill'd some precious drops of filial water—  
(I think as high as six or seven she shed,)  
And then she ceas'd her wailing, and bethought her  
How she was now to get her meat and bread ;  
So parted with old Sambo, whom you see,  
With Kate, his sable spouse, she held in fee.

## LXXXVI.

They sold for but a trifle, I am told ;—  
Some fifty pounds or so—for very few bid,—  
For Sambo look'd so dull, and weak, and old,  
And Kate, his aged wife, was almost stupid ;  
So Peggy liv'd at ease upon the gold  
Which she obtain'd for them, till cunning Cupid,  
In silken thralls, contriv'd at last to hobble her,  
And she was wedded to a worthy cobbler.



# THE WITCH.

---

A lady witch there liv'd—  
A lovely lady garmented in light  
From her own beauty.—*Shelly.*

---

## I.

Oh heavens ! I feel poetic fury glide  
Through all my veins, and over Mount Parnassus  
'T is my desire to take an evening ride ;  
Booted and spurr'd, I'm ready ; so Pegasus,  
My good old fellow, I will get astride,—  
Though poets now do mostly ride jackasses,  
And much I fear, though I may cut a dash on  
My winged nag, I'll be all out of fashion.

## II.

Oh ! for his genius, whom none e'er could follow  
Or copy, for he was inimitable !  
Whose muse was, like a petril or a swallow,  
Through every varied scene to skim it able ;  
Love, hate, and men, and spectres lean and hollow,  
And witches own'd his sway illimitable.—  
But, apropos of witches ! readers which  
Of all of you did ever see a witch ?

## III.

Maybe you do not know what kind of creatures

These witches are ;—maybe you think them horrid  
Old things, with wrinkles and with bearded features ;

Now, those I've seen had each a smooth white forehead,  
And glowing cheeks and ruby lips so sweet, yours

Might have been tempted from them to have borrow'd  
A nameless something, whieh may rhyme with bliss,  
Had not your reverenee deep precluded this.

## IV.

Now this assertion may seem heteroelitieal,

And as I'm not a youth of genius quite,  
Nor'd show the world how that I can out-wit it all,

And have discover'd that it's ne'er been right,  
I will proceed, before you grow too critical

And mark me for a crazy heteroclite,  
To prove all that I've said by this true story,  
Which in my simple way I'll lay before ye.

## V.

I'll prove it all—not that I care a whistle

For you or your opinion,—yet ain I,  
Though but a little fellow, apt to bristle

When any man hints that I tell a lie,  
And if they speak too plain I'll take my pistol  
And cause conviction in that way to fly,—  
Unless these legs should happen, at that minute,  
To waft my body off and spirit in it.

## VI.

Well, to my story :—once upon a time,—

’T was thus old granny us’d to go a ghosting  
When Christmas winds did howl their hollow chime,  
And in the fire the chestnuts all were roasting,  
And little urchins sat (oh for a rhyme !)

With mouths full wide enough to get a post in ;—  
’Twas then that granny, seated in her glory,  
Did alway thus begin her old ghost story.

## VII.

*Cano Virum* ;—his name is Tom Cabello—

That’s Spanish, and his sires—but never mind !  
For so a man is but a clever fellow,  
In this fair land of freedom unconfin’d,  
We’re not a going to trouble you to bellow  
His pedigree abroad to all his kind,  
Nor care we much who fathers him, so he  
Proves by his deeds his soul’s of high degree.

## VIII.

He lives, (or rather did, for, like the girl

When she got married, he now lives no more,)  
Just at the time when Freedom did unfurl  
Her banner to the winds of heaven four ;  
When heroes grew quite plenty, and did hurl  
Their thunders at the invaders of our shore—  
Making old George around his throne to potter,  
Striving to prop it, for he felt it totter.

## IX.

Our hero then (and he was one indeed,  
 As you will own when you have read the sequel)  
 Could not endure to see his country bleed,  
 And therefore did resolve (his soul was equal  
 To any man's) to do some gallant deed,  
 And see how many of the foe could he kill ;  
 So he took down his fowling-piece and cartridges,  
 With which he us'd to war upon the partridges,

## X.

And in his buckskin breeches went to war ;  
 Content to live as liv'd the immortal Marion,  
 On sweet potatoes and no pay.—And far  
 And wide his warfare he did carry on ;  
 Full many a tory's case he us'd to mar ;  
 Of many a gallant warrior made a carrion ;  
 Caring no more for all the din of battle  
 Than you would care for children's noisy rattle.

## XI.

Well, this young gentleman, who in the war  
 Did never quail before the dreadful cannon,  
 No more than the fierce steed who smells afar  
 The fight and rushes thither with a man on ;—  
 This brave young fellow, although many a scar,  
 The signature of glory, you might scan on  
 His breast, within it never felt a twitch  
 Of awe until he chanc'd to see a witch.

## XII.

It was a day of marching to and fro,  
And in the town was an illumination,  
Yet not for mere parade and empty show,  
(Our fathers never follow'd that vocation,) They had the day before, as you must know,  
Beaten the British like the very nation,  
And several thousand red-coats captive taken,  
So thought there was no harm in merry-making.

## XIII.

With squeaking fife, and drum, and colors flying,  
Cover'd from head to foot with mud and glory,  
Ye march along, with many a bright face eying  
You all, ye gallant ones ! from the third story  
Of every house, where each fair hand is trying  
Gently to wave a spotless 'kerchief o'er ye.—  
With them our hero march'd, when, with a start,  
He stopt and clapt his hand upon his heart.

## XIV.

And well he might ! for sight of beauty rare !—  
Oh say, and art thou then the youthful Hebe  
Just come from heaven to take the evening air ?  
Or maybe it may be the Goddess Phoebe,  
Or Venus rather, for she was more fair ;  
Or, guessing thus, perhaps the Queen of Sheba—  
But then she was a negress, and King Solomon  
Was an old abolitionist to follow one.

## XV.

Now reader, gentle reader ! don't say pooh !

Oh pray ! don't get into a raving passion  
With my poor hero for what he did do !

Although he gaz'd in such an awkward fashion,  
That all alarm'd she from the window flew,

Like a scar'd bird, and quickly clos'd the shash on  
His straining vision.—Pity his sad plight !  
For he went home and lay awake all night.

## XVI.

And who's not done the like I fain would know ?

Reader I'll tell you (though not my confessor)  
The owner of two eyes has serv'd me so

More times than one, and for it—why God bless her !  
I am forgiving, though to her I owe

All those queer feelings which I can't express e'er,  
But which have ne'ertheless oft kept me waking,  
With their soft torment till the day was breaking.

## XVII.

But to the man I sing.—Well how he came

At last to know the lady of his wooing,  
And how he found that she did bear the name

Of his old chief—his daughter—and how grew in  
Their young responsive hearts a mutual flame,

All this, with all the billing and the cooing,  
I will omit at present, and I eke will  
Hasten on rapidly unto the sequel.

## XVIII.

“ The course of true love never did run smooth,”  
But oft is turbulent as the Niagara ;  
Of this our hero soon did find the truth,  
Meeting with obstacles that well might stagger a  
Man less resolute than our gallant youth,  
And make him in despair take up a dagger, a  
Pistol, laudanum-bottle, or a halter,  
And sacrifice himself upon love’s altar.

## XIX.

But to be brief.—The Colonel lik’d Cabello,  
(Good at his joke, and in the hour of slaughter  
As valiant as young Percy or Othello,)  
But then he’d promis’d Julia, his sweet daughter,  
Unto a very sorry sort of fellow,  
Then absent on a voyage o’er the water—  
Rich as a Jew—yet, spite of lands and money,  
Julia had sworn she ne’er would call him honey.

## XX.

Now, Julia’s Pa ne’er entertain’d a notion  
Of what within their young warm hearts was brewing,  
No more than the dull oyster in the ocean,  
Or, maybe, in your frying-pan a stewing ;  
Our hero was afraid of a commotion  
If he should ask his leave to come a wooing,  
So hid (I fear this metaphor but trash is)  
His love, like live coals buried in the ashes.

## XXI.

The Colonel at length, (although he never had  
 The idea, 'neath the brain-pan of his scull,  
 Of how the matter stood,) seeing how sad  
 And also how extremely dumb and dull  
 Had grown of late his gay and gallant lad,  
 Fancied his breast of something must be full,  
 So once address'd him, in his plain blunt way,  
 With, "Man, why what the deuce's the matter—say?"

## XXII.

Our youth, non-plus'd, then felt in a nice pickle,  
 And twisted as you'd do if on the rack,  
 Or, if on Christmas day a cold icicle  
 Were by some ruthless hand put down your back,  
 Intending thus to give you a nice tickle,—  
 He knew not what to say, and so, for lack  
 Of words, began to stutter and to stammer,  
 And murder'd very much the English grammar.

## XXIII.

"Why ho! he is bewitch'd!" Tom saw his error,  
 So got his speaking instrument in play,  
 And, though his hopes had fallen as low as zero,  
 He fain would cross Doubt's Hellespont, that lay  
 Spread out between him and his charming Hero,  
 (Julia, I mean,) so he began to say,  
 "I love a maid—her sire forbids the marriage"—  
 "Why then run off with her—take my own carriage!"

## XXIV.

“But stop! she loves you?” “Yes!” “Then go and meet her,  
Off to the parson, and then bring her here!”  
'T was short and sweet.—Tom thought that a tune sweeter  
Ne'er sounded on the drum of any ear,  
And that advice so sage he ne'er did meet, e'er  
Since the first day his mother call'd him dear ;—  
And so he hitch'd the horses to the carriage,  
And went to talk to Julia of the marriage.

## XXV.

But she was in the country,—for 't was spring,—  
Maybe to hear the gentle zephyrs mutter,  
Maybe to hear the merry mock-bird sing,  
Maybe to see the pretty blue-bird flutter,  
Maybe to gaze upon the red-bird's wing,  
Or, maybe 't was to taste fresh cheese and butter—  
So Tom drove there—and though she said she'd rather  
Not go, yet still she must obey her father.

## XXVI.

Then how they both rode out to take the air,  
And drove much further than they had intended,  
And stay'd much longer too ;—how to the care  
Of a good priest themselves they both commended,—  
Why you must fancy all—as how this pair  
Became but one before their travels ended ;—  
Nor to persuade her any trouble had he,—  
She was afraid to disobey her daddy.

## XXVII.

I know not if our hero thought her dutiful—

I know he thought she was very kind,  
And also that she was extremely beautiful ;—

Nor what her father thought, when, swift as wind,  
When through the streets or turnpike it doth shoot a full

Blast along, our youth with his sweet prize did find  
His way back to the door—and now hath brought her,  
Into the hall—and lo ! it is his daughter !

## XXVIII.

I say, I know not if he set to raving,

And oaths almost as big as barrels swore,  
(For of such articles he was not saving,) —

Or lost his gravity, and on the floor  
Did fall, in a wild strain of laughter having  
Burst several buttons off,—say three or four,—  
And if he did, why then, as o'er and o'er he  
Rolls in his mirth, we will just close our story.

## XXIX.

And, reader, if you choose to think it horrid

Bad stuff, I'll tell you what still makes it worse ;  
Part of it—the catastrophe—is borrow'd ;

I lately did redeem it from the curse  
Of prose,—though very pretty 't was and florid,—  
By putting it in my immortal verse ;—  
And, unknown author, I now thank you fully  
For all,—that is, unless you choose to bully.

## XXX.

And here's an offer!—If you're not in haste e'er  
'T expose my theft or to avenge your wrong;  
Will praise my lines, nor dub me poetaster,—  
I would have no one think me of that throng,  
Although of pen and paper a great waster—  
Upon the Mississippi of my song  
I'll give you leave some day to go a boating,  
That is, in verse will set your name afloating.



THE  
TEMPEST SUBDUED.

---

Les vents, a son aspect, s' arretent en silence.—*Voltaire.*

---

I.

FAIR eve, out of the amethystine east,  
Comes slowly floating on bespangled wing,  
To hover o'er the flowery earth, and feast  
Upon the purple wreck of day, and bring  
Ambrosial sleep to every breathing thing,  
And golden dreams unto the souls of men ;—  
And forth to view the starry myriads spring,  
Like spirits from their sapphire tents—and then  
Are veil'd in the full beams the moon doth fling  
From her high throne, as, lovely denizen  
Of heaven, she sits amid her radiant ring  
And looks into the lake her soft face mirroring.

## II.

That lake is pav'd with silvery light—and calm—  
Reposing there the aromatic gale,  
That came from Syria's gardens breathing balm,  
And o'er full many a flowery hill and vale,  
To sleep upon those waves with moonbeams pale ;  
No sparkling ripple wakes from shore to shore,  
Save when night-birds with wanton wing assail  
The chrystal surface, or bright fishes soar  
Into the air, then dart, with flashing tail,  
Back to their homes.—But hark ! a sounding oar !  
A prow upon the waters doth prevail !  
Glides o'er the liquid glass and leaves a laughing trail.

## III.

Free as a native spirit of the spray,  
Beneath the starry night, that swan-like boat  
Amid the argent foam holds its bright way,  
And now is in the middle sea remote ;  
And now no more the nightingale's soft throat  
Can send, from the dim woody shore afar  
Across the perfum'd air, its liquid note  
To reach unto that zephyr-driven car,  
Which seems, on the translucent waves afloat,  
To waft some spirits, who from their own star  
Had come, to view where Nature did devote  
Her mightiest magic and with Beauty's pencil wrote.

## IV.

But lo ! the halcyon scene has vanish'd soon !  
And o'er the land and lake now darkly falls  
The wings of blackest night out-spread.—The moon  
Is hid in pitchy gloom, and ebon palls  
Inwrap th' affrighted stars in their high halls ;  
And hark ! unto those distant bellowings loud !  
The tempest's brazen throat ! that loudly calls  
Th' impatient whirlwinds, from the eddying cloud,  
To hold upon the waves their festivals ;—  
While the red levin, from its sulph'ry shroud,  
Breaks nimbly forth at radiant intervals,  
And the white foam is speck'd with hissing thunder-  
balls.

## V.

Impetuously amid the boiling spray  
Th' exulting tempest's dreadful car doth sweep,  
Trampling the howling waves beneath its way ;  
While heaving water-spouts, ascending steep,  
Like pyramids uprear their giant heap,  
As if to prop the cloud that holds the thunder,  
From which hot shafts of quivering lightnings keep  
A fiery cat'ract on the billows under,  
Upon whose tops the frantic ship doth leap,  
Then dives into th' abyss that gapes asunder,  
As though an earthquake had, beneath the deep,  
Rent the firm earth to drown the fires where devils  
weep.

## VI.

Over that maniac bark, that wildly flings  
Its flickering ropes and ribbon'd sails away  
From its black sulphur-striken mast, the wings  
Of dark impending ruin now display  
Themselves out-stretch'd, as the mad surges aye,  
Like demons of the deep, rush o'er her side ;  
A sepulchre seem'd wrought beneath the spray,  
To whelm the ship within the yawning tide ;  
And the wild elements seem in array  
Against the band that in that vessel ride  
Amid the boiling whirlpool ; nor can they  
One beam of hope amid the horrid gloom survey.

## VII.

But see ! what awfully mysterious Form  
'T is walks with stately step upon the wave !  
Some water-wraith amid the bellowing storm !  
The bounding billows, that terrific rave  
As if they seek the lowering clouds to lave,  
Submissive bow beneath his awful tread  
And round his path a halcyon calmness have ;  
The howling whirlwind from his presence fled  
And as he rais'd his radiant arm to save,  
Enchanting zephyrs flutter'd round his head.—  
“ Be still !”—'T was hush'd as he the mandate gave,  
That snatch'd his trembling followers from a yawning  
grave.

THE  
VALE OF DULANY.

---

YOUNG Day, forsaking his ambrosial couch,  
Comes radiant forth, and hand in hand hath led  
Aurora to yon eastern eminence,  
Where, seated on a throne of gorgeous clouds,  
Begirded with a zone of gold, she sits,  
With smiles as sweet as youthful mothers fling  
Upon the infants budding in their arms,  
Effulgent, gazing on the vale out-spread  
Like a bright dream of loveliness below,  
My native vale, Dulany's lovely vale.\*

Say, ye young Hours ! attendants of the Spring,  
If, as awakening in the orient climes,  
Duly each morn ye rouse the zephyr steeds,  
And yoke them to your mistress' fragrant car,  
Then spread your golden pinions to attend  
Her blooming pathway o'er the rosy plains ;  
Oh say ! did e'er your fluttering pinions pause  
Delighted hovering o'er so sweet a scene ?  
Though olden bards, in flowing numbers, tell  
Of vales Sicilian and of Tempê fair,  
Where wood-nymphs lav'd in Peneu's silver streams,

\* In Baltimore county, Maryland,—one of the most beautiful vallies in America.

Wounding th' enamour'd Fawns with robeless charms ;  
 Though he of later day but lofty harp  
 Hath made thy name, "delightful Wyoming,"  
 A portion of eternity, and thou,  
 My native vale, hath ever been unsung,  
 Yet may thy beauties vie with those whose names  
 Are blazon'd forth by fame's obstreperous trump,  
 As may the gem, that sparkles 'neath the deep  
 Unknown to aught save sylph's delighted gaze,  
 With that which glitters on the lily hand  
 Of lovely lady in the lighted hall.

Winter late rul'd, and from the icy North  
 The angry Boreas came on frozen wings  
 Tumultuous rushing o'er the level mead,  
 While at his voice each stream grew mute with fear,  
 And in the zone of silence bound its joys ;  
 And panting zephyrs shrunk in chill dismay,  
 And spread their pinions for the genial south,  
 And where, mid yon blue rocks now swiftly rolls,  
 The noisy river\* on its foamy way,  
 The wild-duck scarcely found a place to lave ;  
 And o'er each snow-crown'd hill the wrestling winds  
 Did howl like wrathful spirits as they pass'd,  
 And shook the ice-balls from the shivering trees ;—  
 Yet thou wert lovely still my native vale,  
 As beautiful as Love in desolation.

But now young Spring comes from the balmy South,  
 Attended by sweet music and the birds,

\*The Great Gunpowder—a bold and romantic stream.

And strews thy meadows green with fragrant flowers,  
Woo'd by the gilded humming-birds that float,  
Like living gems, upon th' enamor'd air,  
And thy unfetter'd fountains pour their streams  
Like molten amber through th' enamel'd meads,  
While from their lucid depths the spangled trout  
Exulting leaps and courts the beaming sun,  
And all around is melody and mirth ;—  
And thou, even to the cold and careless gaze  
Of stranger's eye, hast more than common charms ;—  
But oh ! to me bright Fancy oft hath said  
Some blooming vale in the Elysian land,  
Whose happy souls feed on th' immortal breath  
Of odors fresh from beds of amaranth,  
Serv'd as the beautiful Ideal form  
From which thy loveliness was fashion'd forth.

Each hill, each field, each stream, each lonely tree,  
That beautifies thy matchless scenes, hath been  
A friend and a companion to my soul ;—  
In boyhood's halcyon hours my spirit gaz'd  
Upon thy scenery and was thence imbued  
With feelings deep and strong ;—and Poesy,  
Mother of proud and independent thoughts,  
Became the dweller of my breast, and bid  
Me scorn the gross and meaner things, that keep  
The grovelling crowd forever in pursuit,  
And turn aside in loneliness and be  
A constant worshipper at Nature's shrine ;—  
And for this boon thou 'lt even have my praise,  
My native vale, Dulany's lovely Vale.



THE SORROWS  
OF  
THE SYLPH.

---

I.

WHILOM the balm-exhaling breeze,  
Advancing from the southern seas,  
And wand'ring far on wanton wing,  
Approach'd the lovely car of Spring ;—  
Obedient yielded to the yoke  
And wasted her around the land,  
While Nature's beauties all awoke  
As she then wav'd her magic wand ;—  
She found the forest, as she past,  
All shivering with its branches bare,  
Which told that late the wint'ry blast  
Had done its work of ruin there ;  
The lovely maiden smil'd serene  
And o'er it threw a robe of green,  
While joyous songsters tun'd their notes  
And flock'd around her fragrant car,  
To welcome her with warbling throats  
As on her way she wheel'd afar.

II.

Then onward borne by zephyr steed,  
She passes o'er the velvet mead ;

The lovely violet lifts its head  
With blushes bright its queen to greet,  
And roses on their blooming bed  
Her pathway fill with fragrance sweet ;  
While streamlet, that old Winter hoar,  
Imprison'd in an icy cell,  
Leap'd forth to liberty once more  
And prattled through the flowery dell.  
And thus she hastens round the land,  
Bestowing bliss with bounteous hand,  
Until the valley and the mountain,  
And every verdant cover'd plain  
And voices from the bubbling fountain,  
Rejoice beneath her magic reign.

## III.

There was a sweet delightful spot  
Amid Dulany's lovely vale,  
Intruding man disturb'd it not,  
And naught was heard but the soft gale,  
Or music of the sparkling rill,  
That warbled round a verdant hill  
And onward flow'd in winding maze  
'Mid banks adorn'd with fairest flowers,  
Till, gliding on o'er pebbly ways,  
'T was lost among the green-wood bowers,  
Where e'er was heard the turtles cooing  
And mimic mock-birds varied song,  
And the harmonious red-bird's wooing,  
And all the tuneful feather'd throng.

## IV.

Enchanted, charm'd, the lovely maid  
Here check'd her steed, her chariot staid,  
And linger'd to adorn the place  
With every charm, with every grace ;  
She bade the vines together cluster  
And form around o'er-arching bowers,  
And fill'd with an ethereal lustre  
The blushing cheeks of fragrant flowers,  
Which breath'd a breath so exquisite  
That zephyrs, as they wing'd their flight  
O'er hill, and murmur'ring grove, and mead,  
Approaching here, would stay their speed,  
And 'midst these scenes the time beguile  
To taste the blissful sweets the while,  
Till, lull'd to rest, they dropt their wings  
And e'er forgot their wanderings.

## V.

By chance it was an errant fay  
Was floating through the buoyant air,  
And, as he wander'd on his way,  
Hung o'er the scenes of beauty there ;  
And, as he drank the perfum'd gale,  
Which hath'd his wings with balmy sweets,  
Through airy realms he ceas'd to sail  
And sought the bliss of these retreats ;  
And here he made his happy home,  
No more through fairy fields to roam,  
But mounted on the hum'-bird gay,  
Career'd along from flower to flower,

And ever pass'd the jocund day  
Amid th' enchantment of each bower ;  
At dewy morn he'd softly sip  
The perfume from the tulip's lip,  
And wanton'd 'mong the violets blue  
That bloom'd upon the brooklet's brink,  
Then on in giddy trance he flew  
And stoop'd to kiss the modest pink,  
Until the sun adown the West  
Had led the blushing day to rest,  
When, hast'ning on, he sought repose  
Within the bosom of the rose.

## VI.

But, thron'd in frozen palace rude,  
Old Winter sat—terrific form !—  
Presiding o'er th' incessant feud,  
Where wind with wind, and storm with storm,  
Tumultuous wag'd eternal war ;—  
But now he yok'd them to his car,  
And hoarsely howling from the North,  
They bore the savage monarch forth,  
Who, wildly rushing o'er the earth,  
Spread desolation wide and far  
And each enchanting scene did mar,  
Then yell'd aloud his horrid mirth ;  
The milder children of the year  
Fled frighten'd from his fearful sway,  
Young Spring ran shrieking, wild with fear,  
And Summer glided pale away,  
While aged Autumn look'd forlorn  
And vanish'd at his frown of scorn.

## VII.

'T was then the fay disconsolate  
Was weeping o'er his fav'rites' fate,  
As, scatter'd far around and wide,  
In death repos'd the garden's pride ;  
    His pinions, shatter'd by the blast,  
Hung dully drooping by his side,  
    His tiny robe, around him cast,  
In vain t' exclude the chill winds tried ;  
    And thus in melancholy strains  
The mournful fairy now complains.

## VIII.

" Malicious monster ! could you not  
In pity spare this heavenly spot,  
    When, roaming round the troubled world  
You hasten'd on your dark career,  
    And desolation's flag unfurl'd,  
And beauty bade to disappear ;  
    Though flowery vale and fairest field  
Beneath your fearful fury yield ;  
Albeit you stript the waving grove,  
And from its pleasant shelter drove  
The timid ones, who cheer'd it long  
With sweet, symphonious, warbled song,  
Oh could you not your hand withdraw  
When you this scene delightful saw !  
Malicious monster could you not  
In pity spare this heavenly spot !

## IX.

“ Nay ! nay ! ‘t is thus with all below !  
This moment bliss, the next ‘t is woe !  
As bubbles on the boundless sea  
The fading joys of earth appear,  
They rise and glow full splendidly,  
Then flash, and burst, and disappear,  
Yon rose lies wasted now and dead  
And scatter’d o’er the garden’s bed,  
Where late in virgin pride it bloom’d  
And wand’ring zephyr’s wings perfum’d,  
And in whose bosom, when the grove  
Was wrapt in midnight’s mantle dark,  
And, summoning from far her love,  
The am’rous glow-worm lit her spark,  
I oft repos’d in balmy sleep,  
Or did my fairy vigils keep.

## X.

“ ’T is thus I ’ve seen some maid of earth,  
With glowing cheek and snowy breast,  
And darkly flashing eye of mirth,  
Whose favoring glance was to be blest,  
And ’mong whose loosely-floating hair  
I’ve flutter’d in extatic bliss,  
And sat upon her lip and there  
Imprinted many an unfelt kiss,—  
'T is thus I ’ve seen her blush, and bloom,  
And fade, and fall into the tomb.

## XI.

“ Yon flower that did its tall form raise  
And fac’d the bright sun’s burning blaze,  
Now level’d low forlorn doth lay  
Its strength and beauty in decay ;  
'T is thus I’ve seen the warrior proud  
By death’s tremendous weapon bow’d ;  
The hero’s pride is but the oak  
That sinks beneath the lightning’s stroke,  
And youthful beauty’s magic form,  
With breathing life and feeling warm,  
Is but a tomb of gilded ray,  
And holds within conceal’d decay,  
Oh ! shall I longer then remain  
Where all is doom’d to grief and pain ?  
For some fair world I ’ll wing my flight  
Where sorrow ne’er beclouds delight ;  
There be, mayhaps among those isles  
Which now adorn the evening sky,  
Where beauty ne’er this moment smiles  
And yet the next is doom’d to die ;  
For thence I ’ll leave the place where crime  
And ruin have their flag unfurl’d,  
To wave until the Ghost of Time  
Shrieks o’er the ashes of the world !”



# MISSERRIMUS.

## A BALLAD.

### I.

The gentle Spring was breathing  
Its fragrance all around,  
Rich with the scent of flowerets,  
That blossom'd o'er the ground,  
As if the glorious rainbow,  
When thunders roll'd on high,  
Had parted into fragments  
And fallen from the sky ;

### II.

And scatter'd o'er the meadows,  
And through the orchards green,  
Its variegated colors  
To beautify the scene ;  
The while on golden winglets  
The humming-bird so gay  
Mov'd with a fairy motion  
And rifled sweets away ;

### III.

So rich his purple plumage,  
So beautiful his crest,  
'T was to the eye of fancy  
As if some amethyst,

Carv'd into a bright jewel  
 All gloriously to deck  
 With all its glowing splendors  
 Some lovely lady's neck,

## IV.

Had felt the life-blood flowing  
 From a mysterious spring,  
 And fled a gaudy truant  
 Upon a golden wing ;  
 Fill'd with a fairy spirit,  
 To sport upon the air,  
 With never-tiring pinions  
 Among the flowerets fair.

## V.

Adown the sloping mountain,  
 Where wav'd the cedars green,  
 And ever-verdant laurel  
 In blooming clusters seen,  
 Leap'd the wild flashing streamlet,  
 With a loud shout of mirth,  
 As though some mine of silver  
 Deep buried in the earth,

## VI.

By hidden fires were melted  
 Within its gloomy caves,  
 And from its dark cell bursting,  
 With its translucent waves,  
 Now sparkled in the sun-beam,  
 Now hid by ivy's shade,  
 Till, o'er a steep ledge pouring  
 It form'd a wild cascade,

## VII.

Where, dash'd into bright fragments,  
 It glitter'd in the beam,  
 And, with its brilliant colours,  
 Unto the eye did seem,  
 That showers of liquid rubies,  
 And molten gems of gold,  
 With sapphire, and with amber,  
 In mingling lustre roll'd

## VIII.

O'er those high rocks in torrents  
 Unto the vale below,  
 Then gain'd a course of smoothness  
 And gently on did flow  
 'Mid banks of blooming roses  
 And snow-white lilies fair,  
 Where butterflies were floating  
 Upon the balmy air;

## IX.

With many-colour'd winglets  
 From flower to flower they flew,  
 And gaily sip'd their nectar  
 Mix'd with the honey'd dew;  
 To gaze upon their beauties  
 'T would seem as if some fay,  
 When roving through some garden  
 Upon a sunny day,

## X.

Had wav'd his wand of magic  
 O'er rose and tulip bright,  
 That, fill'd with life, had started  
 Upon a joyous flight,  
 And down the grassy meadows  
 And 'mid the blooming trees,  
 To visit now their kindred,  
 Were floating on the breeze.

## XI.

While from the sweet-briar thicket  
 At intervals was heard  
 The soft melodious music  
 Of the sweet mocking-bird,  
 Who from those green recesses  
 Echo'd the merry notes,  
 The little feather'd songsters  
 Pour'd from their mellow throats.

## XII.

Thus, nature ever-smiling,  
 Each living creature gay  
 Seem'd fill'd with sunny gladness  
 Through all the live-long day ;  
 While I, a lonely wanderer,  
 Did bear a bleeding heart  
 Just like a wounded wild-goat  
 When stricken by a dart.

## XIII.

I've seen each tie dissolving  
Of love and friendship sweet,  
Like lumps of sugar candy  
When held unto the heat ;  
My friends they all prov'd traitors—  
I 'm told it 's always so—  
Fidelity 's a stranger  
In this rude world below.—

## XIV.

They smok'd my best Havana  
And drank my best champaign,  
And borrow'd many a dollar  
They ne'er return'd again ;  
But soon as Fortune left me  
They all deserted too,—  
They made me half a Timon—  
The sycophantic crew !

## XV.

I turn'd from man to woman,—  
Sweet woman to admire !  
But from the pan 't was leaping  
Into the blazing fire !  
I met a lovely maiden,  
Who look'd so very kind,  
I thought she was an angel,  
But I was very blind.

## XVI.

Like a deceitful siren,  
She led me all astray ;  
I wander'd in love's mazes  
Until I lost my way ;  
But when I knelt to worship,  
Why then she laugh'd outright,—  
I told her I was dying  
And she declar'd I might.

## XVII.

At that I grew quite angry,  
And feeling partly cur'd,  
Went home and eat my dinner,  
And then was quite restor'd ;  
I eat six apple-dumplings  
Then laid me down to sleep,  
Nor woke until next morning,  
Then from my couch did creep,

## XVIII.

And gazing in the mirror,  
The sight my soul appal'd,  
For I beheld with horror  
That I was growing bald ;—  
Since then I've known no pleasure ;—  
Man's treachery I could bear,  
And the deceits of woman,  
But not the loss of hair !

## LINES WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

---

### I.

When morn had sown her orient gems among the golden flowers,  
That blush'd upon their purple stalks in fairy-haunted bowers,  
Among the glowing throng around a tender bud I 'spied,  
That meekly held its humble place the velvet walk beside.

### II.

No gaudy beauties deck'd its crest with variegated dyes,  
Like blinding splendors blazing o'er the summer evening skies ;  
With simple moss encircled round it hung its head to earth,  
And yet, in Flora's language it denotes superior worth.

### III.

And—what from poet's eye is hid, by others though unseen ?—  
It was the fav'rite palace of the lovely Fairy Queen ;  
Adown its tender petals oft her tiny chariot roll'd,  
And she within its fragrant folds her elfine court did hold.

### IV.

'T was then I thought of one, who blooms, 'mid beauties living flowers,  
Like this sweet bud among its mates within the garden bowers,  
With unassuming, modest grace—her charms she never knew,—  
Superior worth her brightest charm.—And, lady, is it you ?

## T O B O Z : A S E T T E R D O G .

---

A hearty greeting unto you,  
Oh noblest friend of mine !  
Friendship I 've found elsewhere, 't is true,  
But none to equal thine.

Let men, whose souls are meanly given  
To grov'ling thoughts impure,  
Claim proudly for themselves a heaven,  
Where they alone may soar ;—

Yet though thou hast no soul, thou art  
Nobler by far than they,—  
Thou hast at least an honest heart,  
That never can betray.

When dangers did o'er me impend,  
Still by my side thou 'st stood,  
Ready thine earnest aid to lend  
And shed for me thy blood.

And ever, when abroad I roam,  
There 's none so sad as thee ;  
And who, when I'm returning home,  
So warmly welcomes me ?

Yet you, poor friend ! must humbly die  
And in the dust remain,  
While meaner things may soar on high  
And hope to live again.

# LYRICAL PIECES.

---

## A N O D E.

*Written for the Celebration of July 4th, 1836,*

BY THE STUDENTS OF BRISTOL COLLEGE.

---

AIR—*Marseilles Hymn.*

---

### I.

Hark ! hark ! the paean, loudly sounding,  
That breaks from joyous freemen's throng,  
The answering rocks and groves resounding,  
The warbling breezes waft the song,  
Oh ! let our tongues the anthem raising,  
Respond in glad symphonious strain,  
As fast we crowd to Freedom's fane,  
Her altars heap with incense blazing.

Wake ! wake the inspiring song,  
Your voices lift full high,  
Sustain ! sustain the paean long  
To sacred Liberty.

## II.

Dark ! dark the fearful tempest howling  
 With angry frown o'erhung our land,  
 And tyrant's host, like wild wolves prowling,  
 Would sternly crush the patriot band ;  
 When Freedom, her proud flag unfurling,  
 Grasp'd her keen falchion flashing bright,  
 Dispers'd the foe with arm of might,  
 Swift on their ranks destruction hurling.

Wake ! wake, &c.

## III.

Bright ! bright the bow, now o'er us bending,  
 Embraces heaven with radiant zone,  
 With Freedom's smiles benignant blending  
 As mild as morn on cloudless throne ;  
 Serene and lovely o'er our mountains  
 Fair Peace now waves her welcome wand,  
 And bliss bestows with bounteous hand  
 Free as the streams forsake their fountains.

Wake ! wake, &c.

## IV.

Hail ! to the heroes, who the nation  
 First freed from slavery's iron thrall,  
 Whose arm of valor brought salvation,  
 Nerv'd at their country's sacred call.  
 Oh ! may their gen'rous deeds awaken  
 Within our hearts a manly pride,  
 And urge us still on honor's side  
 For aye to stand firm and unshaken.

Wake ! wake, &c.

## V.

Haste ! haste to Freedom's holy altar,  
 Recording there our hallow'd vow,—  
 Death to the foemen who assault her !  
 Victory's laurels for her brow !  
 Long ! long will we uphold her glory,  
 And ere a tyrant's penon waves  
 O'er our lov'd land the home of slaves,  
 Our shores shall be all stain'd and gory.  
 Wake ! wake, &c.

## VI.

Thou glorious Sun ! now o'er us blazing,  
 With brilliant beams gild Freedom's fanes,  
 Where hymns of triumph, ever raising,  
 Float on the breeze in joyous strains,  
 Proud banner-bird ! wave—wave thy pinions  
 Exulting o'er each radiant star,  
 No blot shall e'er that radiance mar  
 That beams o'er Freedom's wide domains.  
 Wake ! wake the inspiring song,  
 Your voices lift full high,  
 Sustain ! sustain the paean long  
 To sacred Liberty.

## COME TO THE GREEN GROVE.

Come to the green grove ! where wild vines are clinging  
 Around the tall elms, whose broad boughs are flinging  
 Their shade o'er the roof of the cottage so near  
 To the banks of the streamlet meandering clear.

There we 'll recline 'neath the shade of the willow  
 Where roses and lilies have wreath'd a sweet pillow,  
 And the goldfinch, conceal'd in the green boughs above,  
 Is warbling all day to his beautiful love.

There we will watch the blithe humming-bird roving,  
 And purple-wing'd butterfly fairy-like moving  
 Among the blue violets that bloom at our feet  
 And throw all around us their fragrance so sweet.

There thou shalt sing, love, and still as I hear thee,  
 Drink in thy soft tones and know that I'm near thee,  
 I'll fancy 't is Eden around me I see,  
 And thou art an angel to share it with me.

---

### FAREWELL.

Farewell! farewell but ever,  
 When wand'ring o'er the sea,  
 Though worlds of waters sever,  
 This heart shall turn to thee.

Though thy sweet smile is hidden,  
 Unto my soul so dear,  
 Though I am now forbidden  
 Thine angel-voice to hear,

Though stern Fate bids me wander  
 Away from thee afar,  
 Yet hope still turns the fonder  
 Unto its one bright star.

The bird, that on the bough, love,  
 So sweetly sung of late,  
 Hath often been ere now, love,  
 Thus driven from his mate ;

But still he wakes his song, love,  
 Returning there anew,  
 And thus, Oh thus ! ere long, love,  
 May I return to you.

### OH BE NOT LIKE THAT HUMMING-BIRD.

The op'ning rose doth brightly glow  
 With pearly dews of even,  
 Like a fragment fall'n from yonder bow  
 That hangeth like Hope in the heaven.

Its purple petals softly close,  
 Its blushes half-concealing ;  
 But the day-star 'll beam on the full-blown rose,  
 Its loveliness gently revealing.

And gaily on a golden wing,  
 At the sweet morning hour,  
 The humming-bird comes like a fairy thing,  
 To flit round the beautiful flower.

Oh ! be not like that humming-bird  
 Around the sweet rose roving,  
 Who is ling'ring there, while e'er is heard  
 The breezes of summer moving ;

But when the chilly blast hath blown,  
 And wint'ry storms are brewing,  
 He flieth away to a milder zone  
 And leaveth it then to its ruin.

Be like that bird we oft have seen,  
 Whose mellow notes were ringing  
 Among yon willows when all was green  
 And flowers around us were springing ;

And when those boughs are all stript bare,  
 By wint'ry storms o'er taken,  
 That faithful bird is still ling'ring there,  
 Nor hath ever that spot forsaken.

---

### THE MAY-DAY IS OVER.

The May-day is over, and yonder so bright  
 The purple clouds hover, a curtain of light,  
 Concealing the tomb in which daylight is laid,  
 Their glories illumining the twilight's soft shade.

The green wood is ringing with mocking-birds' notes  
 And melody springing from turtle-doves' throats,  
 And wild flowers growing all beautiful there  
 Their fragrance are throwing out over the air.

But see ! in yon bower, that woodbines inclose,  
 A lovelier flower than lily or rose,  
 Your beauties have vanish'd, ye lilies so fair !  
 To her cheeks are banish'd go seek for them there !

Your sweetness, ye roses ! which butterflies sip,  
Hath gone—it reposes upon her soft lip ;  
Thy music, sweet dove ! now no more thou 'lt prolong !  
Oh hark ! to my love now ! she 's stolen thy song.

---

## HOW SOFT O'ER YON GARDENS.

How soft o'er yon gardens  
The summer wind blows,  
And steals from its bowers  
The sweets of the rose ;  
Till burden'd with perfume  
No more it may stay,  
Nor linger enchanted,  
But passes away.

And yet, as it wanders  
So viewless and fleet,  
How soft are its breathings !  
How balmy and sweet !  
Ever murmuring onward  
O'er woodland and hill,  
For the scent of the roses  
Is over it still.

Oh ! thus when we are driven  
As exiles to roam,  
By destiny parted  
From youth's early home,  
Each joy that hath vanish'd  
Will cling to us yet,  
And live in our mem'ries  
Too dear to forget.

## THE ROBBERY.

My little, lovely, laughing maid !  
 So great a thief thou art,  
 I do declare I am afraid  
 Thou 'st stolen all my heart.

Thou 'st stolen the lily's purest white,  
 Thou 'st stolen the rose's hue,  
 Thou 'st stolen each flow'ret's beauties bright,  
 And stolen my poor heart too.

Well, little rogue ! come help yourself,  
 Your robberies repeat,  
 And take the rest of the poor elf  
 Who 's sighing at your feet.



## MUSIC AT MIDNIGHT.

The voice ! the voice of music !  
 The melancholy flute !  
 Mournfully on the midnight air,  
 When all else is mute.

As if some gentle spirit,  
 With softly trembling voice,  
 Imprison'd in that mellow reed,  
 Mourn'd o'er perish'd joys.

Cease ! cease that mournful music !  
 Oh ! cease that plaintive strain !  
 It bids me feel as I would feel  
 Never more again.

The fairy hopes long blighted,  
And youth's bright visions o'er,  
And joys, that shone so heavenly bright,  
Gone forever more !

These mem'ries rush upon me  
With each soft mournful air,  
Then cease ! in mercy cease that strain !  
Forbear ! Oh forbear !

---

### WELCOME SWEET MIDNIGHT.

The summer day 's faded and starlight is streaming  
In beautiful showers from heaven above,  
And welcome sweet midnight ! for then in its dreaming  
My spirit is wafted away to my love.

When bright day is burning, though distance may sever  
With many a mountain and broad rolling plain,  
Beloved one ! beautiful ! yet do I ever,  
In fairy-land, dreamy land, meet thee again.

Let others rejoicing then welcome Aurora,  
As fann'd by the zephyrs she blushes so bright,  
But Midnight ! sweet Midnight ! I'll ever adore her,  
And mourn when the morning returns with its light.

## THE SILVER DEW-DROPS NOW ARE WEEPING.

The silver dew-drops now are weeping, love,  
 Their treasures on the flowers,  
 And mellow moonlight now is creeping, love,  
 Under the ivy bowers ;  
 And hark ! unto the vesper hymn  
 That stirs the balmy air,  
 Where, as the shadows grow more dim,  
 The pious meet in prayer.

Their sacred rosaries they are counting, love,  
 Unto their saints in heaven,  
 And telling them to what a mountain, love,  
 Their sins have grown this even ;  
 While thus to saints on high they pour  
 Their prayers at eventide,  
 Let me devoutly still adore  
 An angel at my side.

## THOUGH MANY DAYS HAVE VANISH'D.

Though many days have vanish'd  
 Since last I sigh'd adieu,  
 Yet time hath never banish'd  
 The love I feel for you ;  
 Though many leagues now sever  
 Yet I forget thee never,—  
 True love grows the stronger  
 As it endures the longer.

Though absence bringeth sorrow  
Upon the soul like night,  
Yet on that night a morrow  
Shall shed its golden light,—  
And Hope's lone star shall burn, love,  
Brightly till I return, love,  
And in thy smile discover  
That night's last gloom is over.

---

## OH! GIVE ME NOW.

Oh ! give me now the heart that thou once stole away  
from me,  
When listening to thy treach'rous vow beneath the green-  
wood tree ;  
The flowers then bloom'd above the ground, fann'd by the  
breath of Spring ;  
The humming-bird was sporting round upon a purple  
wing.

The gentle May hath pass'd away, the rose-leaves all are  
dead,  
That faithless humming-bird so gay on wanton wing hath  
fled,  
Nor lingers there to mourn their fate, but seeks a  
southern sun ;  
And thou hast left me desolate, thou false and faithless  
one.

## SWEET EARLY LOVE.

Oh give me back the joys I knew  
 When first I felt the power  
 Of feelings fresh as honey'd dew  
 Upon the opening flower ;—  
 When love, young love ! did reign,—  
 Sweet early love !  
 Oh ! I may know no bliss again  
 Like early love.

Then all around I saw and heard,  
 Was fairy-land to me,  
 My heart was blithe as yonder bird  
 That warbles on the tree,  
 When love, young love ! did reign,—  
 Sweet early love !  
 Oh ! I may know no bliss again  
 Like early love.

The sunshine of youth's morn hath fled,  
 Its smiles have set in gloom,  
 And all the flowers of life are dead,  
 That did so brightly bloom,  
 When love, young love ! did reign,—  
 Sweet early love !  
 Oh ! I may know no bliss again  
 Like early love.

## COME HASTE TO YON LEA, LOVE.

Come haste with me, love,  
 Come haste away !  
 Come haste to yon lea, love,  
 Where flow'rets so gay

Their beauties have blended  
 As richly as though  
 'T were fragments all splendid  
 Of yonder bright bow,

By fairy hands riven  
 In moments of mirth  
 And flung from yon heaven  
 T' embellish the earth.

Come haste to yon lea, love,  
 Come hasten with me !  
 And there thou shalt see, love,  
 Naught fairer than thee !

## THE RUBY WINE SPARKLES.

The ruby wine sparkles so bright in the bowl,  
 To pleasure it seems to invite,  
 And, by heavens ! I vow he 's a pitiful soul,  
 Who scorneth our revels to-night.

Let sages discourse on the follies of man,  
 And learnedly talk of his woes,  
 But, boys, we 'll be happy while ever we can,  
 So toss off the goblet!—here goes !

Oh ! why should we mourn o'er the sorrows of earth,  
 And turn from its pleasures away ?  
 He 's wiser by far who turns sorrow to mirth  
 And tastes of life's joys while he may.

When all that the sages have taught is sum'd up,  
 Can it banish one moment our woes ?  
 Oh no ! but they linger not over the cups—  
 So toss off the goblet !—here goes !

---

### MY DEAR NATIVE VALLEY.

My dear native valley ! how lovely 's the scene !  
 Where streamlets are winding so clear and so bright  
 'Mid wild flowers growing in meadows of green,  
 Where the purple-wing'd butterflies rove on their flight,  
 And the red-bird that sang in the willow all day  
 At evening still warbles thy praise in his lay.

Sweet vale of Dulany ! my once happy home, [cheer'd,  
 Where the bright dreams of boyhood my bosom still  
 Though far from thy peaceful scenes now I may roam,  
 To mem'ry thou 'rt ever more fondly endear'd ;  
 And Oh ! how supremely my lot would be blest  
 Could I return to the vale I love best.

Give me a cot by the side of the grove  
 That hangs o'er thy waters meandering clear,  
 And give me to share that sweet home of my love,  
 A friend that my bosom might ever hold dear ;  
 And there 'mid thy beauties I 'd calmly recline,  
 And the favors of Fortune contented resign.

## OH! MAIDEN FAIR!

Oh! maiden fair!  
With raven hair,  
And lips so sweetly pouting,  
I do avow  
That until now  
I've in my mind been doubting,  
If 't were not sin  
To rank you in  
The race of us poor mortals,  
Thinking you might  
Be some fair sprite  
Escap'd from heaven's own portals.

But as I now  
Gaze on that brow  
So fondly and so madly,  
I am afraid  
My lovely maid,  
My fancy's lower'd sadly ;—  
For while 'mid bliss  
So sweet as this,  
My soul 's to rapture given,  
Alas! my mind  
Is more inclin'd  
To earth than 't is to heaven.

## SOFTLY THE SUMMER MOON.

Softly the Summer moon  
Her silvery path is treading,  
In the sweet night of June,  
Her beams around us shedding ;—  
But while we raise  
To heaven our gaze,  
Her light with rapture hailing,  
Clouds rush between  
And hide the scene,  
And darkness is prevailing ;—  
Swiftly hath vanish'd all  
That splendor so entrancing,  
And through the gloomy pall  
No silvery ray is glancing.

Thus in our early days,  
When Hope was beaming o'er us,  
Swiftly her flatt'ring rays  
Have vanish'd from before us ;  
Each joy that shone  
So bright hath flown,  
In sorrow's veil enshrouded,  
As storms have come  
With sudden gloom,  
And the sweet moon beclouded ;  
Thus in our early days,  
When Hope was beaming o'er us,  
Swiftly her flatt'ring rays  
Have vanish'd from before us.

## THE BURIAL OF RINGGOLD.

We 've mournfully laid him where Bravo's rude wave  
Will murmur a dirge as it sweeps by his grave ;  
The wild prairie-flower, that blooms o'er his head,  
Is wet with the tears that stern warriors shed ;  
And sadly we 'll turn from the tomb of the slain,  
And vengeance shall waken our war-cry again.

Ye men of Columbia ! whose forefathers bled  
On the proud field of fame where Washington led,  
Their blood through our bosoms unsullied doth run,  
Then firmly we 'll grasp every sabre and gun,  
As sternly we turn from the tomb of the slain,  
And vengeance awakens our war-cry again.

O'er the grave of our hero we solemnly stand  
And swear by the love of our dear native land,  
To nerve every arm, that the Spaniard may feel  
On his cowering head the full weight of our steel,  
As sternly we turn from the tomb of the slain  
And vengeance awakens our war-cry again.

Farewell to thee, hero ! sad Maryland's son !  
Oh, soft be thy slumbers ! the battle is won ;  
Thy proud steed is prostrate and bath'd in his gore,  
The loud-pealing-cannon shall rouse ye no more ;  
Now sternly we turn from the tomb of the slain,  
And vengeance shall waken our war-cry again.

## THE DRAGOON'S SONG,

## ON THE EVE BEFORE THE BATTLE.

The sparkling stream in the bumper pour,  
 And fill it merrily up ;  
 We 'll drink this night, if we drink no more !  
 So merrily fill the cup !

The foeman lies hid behind yon hill,  
 But we think not now of him ;  
 Pour forth the wine and the bumper fill  
 Till it sparkles on the brim !

We 'll mount our steeds with the morning light,  
 And forth shall flash every brand ;  
 And the Mexican then shall feel the might  
 Of a freeman's fearless hand.

A health to those who to-morrow may fall  
 As our sabres seek the foe !  
 We 'll drink it now, my merry men all,  
 Ere forth to battle we go.

## SONG OF THE CITIZEN SOLDIER.

Sons ! whose sires were known to glory  
 On each ancient battle plain,  
 Shall their proud immortal story  
 To your bosoms plead in vain !

See ! another foe approaching  
 Foully now pollutes our strand !  
 See ! a foreign host encroaching  
 On our lovely native land !

See your peaceful homes in danger !  
See ! your children safe no more !  
See ! the stern and ruthless stranger  
Treading near your household door !

Wake ! and grasp each sabre gleaming,  
Mount ! Oh mount ! each gallant steed,—  
Freedom's banner o'er us streaming,  
To the battle-plain we 'll speed.

Fighting as our sires before us,  
When the ruthless foe we meet,—  
If we fall, the flag that 's o'er us  
Still shall be our winding-sheet !

Poising each unerring rifle  
With a strong undaunted hand ;  
Teaching them it is no trifle  
To invade our happy land.

---

### O'ER THE FLOWING, FOAMING BOWL.

Silvery dews are falling lightly,  
Golden stars are twinkling brightly ;  
Now 's the hour when Pleasure greets us,  
Round the festive board he meets us  
When we mingle heart and soul  
O'er the flowing, foaming bowl.

Farewell now to care and sorrow !  
 They our moments ne'er shall borrow,  
 We, the joyous sons of folly,  
 Leave to sages molancholy,  
 When we mingle heart and soul  
 O'er the flowing, foaming bowl.

If the ills of life surround us,  
 If misfortune's arrows wound us,  
 Still a balm we may discover  
 In the bumper running over,  
 When we mingle heart and soul  
 O'er the flowing, foaming bowl.

Cupid is a treacherous urchin,  
 With his darts each bosom searching,  
 If we ever once have found him  
 On the bumper's brim, we 'll drown him  
 When we mingle heart and soul  
 O'er the flowing, foaming bowl.

Fortune, whom we 've trusted blindly,  
 She may deal with us unkindly ;  
 At her freaks we 're lightly laughing  
 As the bright wine we are quaffing,  
 When we mingle heart and soul  
 O'er the flowing, foaming bowl.

Glorious rainbows shine forever  
 O'er misfortune's clouds, and never  
 Fade away from a good fellow  
 In his glasses growing mellow,  
 When we mingle heart and soul  
 O'er the flowing, foaming bowl.

Give the night to song and laughter !  
Care may come perchance hereafter ;  
We will linger till the morning  
Smileth with a rosy warning,  
When we'll mingle heart and soul  
O'er a flowing, parting bowl.

---

## THE SERENADE.

Wake ! fairest, awake ! at thy window now be,—  
The moon on the midnight her splendor is pouring ;  
Wake ! fairest, awake ! from thy window now see,  
Like a saint at his shrine, thy lover adoring.

Come, beautiful ! forth on thy balcony high,  
While silver-ton'd music around thee is floating,  
And yon shooting-star shall come down from the sky,  
Like a slave at thy feet his homage devoting.

Nay, venture not, dearest ! lest over the air  
Some spirits may chance to be wand'ring this even,  
And deeming thee some truant angel now there  
May steal thee away to their home in the heaven.

## COLUMBIA LOVES THE MOUNTAIN WAVE.

The wave ! the wave ! the mountain wave !  
 The free home of the hardy brave !  
 Columbia loves the mountain wave.

Bearing up the nation's thunder  
 Still it bounds our good ship under,  
 As the wild winds gaily fan her,  
 Playing with her starry banner,  
 With the breezes widely roaming  
 Ever o'er its white tops foaming ;  
 And the foemen still much fear us  
 When the billows bring him near us ;  
 On the red deck running gory  
 We 'll maintain our country's glory,  
 Or we 'll sleep in glory's grave  
 'Neath the rolling mountain wave.

The wave ! the wave ! the mountain wave !  
 The free home of the hardy brave !  
 Columbia loves the mountain wave.

There we rode amid the rattle,  
 Roar, and smoke of dreadful battle,  
 While the foe in proud reliance  
 With his red flag wav'd defiance,  
 Till we pour'd our broadside's thunder  
 And his oak was rent asunder ;  
 Down his masts and meteor tumbled  
 And Britannia's pride was humbled ;

On the red deck running gory  
We maintain'd our country's glory,  
While our dead in glory's grave  
Sleep beneath the mountain wave.

The wave ! the wave ! the mountain wave !  
The free home of the hardy brave !  
Columbia loves the mountain wave.

Bounding o'er its broad back proudly,  
When the tempest roareth loudly,  
Freedom still shall fear no foeman,  
O'er the ocean widely roaming,  
With her banner floating ever,  
Stricken in the battle never ;  
While her hardy tars inherit  
All their father's dauntless spirit  
On the red deck running gory  
They 'll maintain their country's glory,  
Or will sleep in glory's grave  
'Neath the rolling mountain wave.

## MONODY

ON HERMAN S. THOMAS,\* WHO FELL AT MONTEREY.

Hark ! the roll of the muffled drum  
 Mournfully on the ear !  
 The soldiers' measur'd march ! as they come  
 Bearing a warrior's bier.

When bold hearts dar'd the battle's storm  
 On heights of Monterey,  
 In the foremost ranks that stalwart form  
 Stood sternly 'mid the fray.

Though Freedom's starry banner then  
 O'er heroes' heads did wave,  
 He stood 'mid the hosts of gallant men,  
 " The bravest of the brave."

When, with fierce warriors' battle zeal,  
 The serried ranks rush'd on,  
 He fell in the front, where flash'd his steel,  
 As the dark heights were won.

Farewell ! but o'er thy soldier's grave  
 Death grimly brings no gloom ;  
 There Glory's laurel shall proudly wave  
 In ever bright'ning bloom.

\* Herman S. Thomas was a native of Harford county, Maryland. His family connexions were among the most respectable in the State. When the war with Mexico broke out, he applied for a commission, but, failing to obtain it, he joined the Texan Rangers as a private, and fell sword in hand, while storming the heights around Monterey, far in advance of his company. The author was long and intimately acquainted with him. Quiet and unassuming in his manners, there never lived a man of more dauntless courage or of nobler impulses.

THE

# MAID OF PERU,

WITH

## OTHER POEMS.

BY GEORGE YELLOTT.

BALTIMORE:

WILLIAM TAYLOR, JARVIS BUILDINGS.

1848.



# William Taylor's

GREAT NEWSPAPER, MAGAZINE, AND CHEAP PERIODICAL AND  
BOOK ESTABLISHMENT.

*Nos. 4 & 5 Jarvis' Buildings, North Street, Baltimore.*

ESTABLISHED IN 1840.

WILLIAM TAYLOR, 4 and 5 North street, continues to supply all orders from Country Agents, Postmasters, and the public generally. Any person wishing to subscribe to any magazine or newspaper, it is only necessary to inclose the amount to the above address, and it will be regularly sent. Our arrangements with the publishers of Boston, New York, Philadelphia, &c. enable us to sell at publisher's lowest prices, and generally three or four days in advance of all others.

William Taylor is agent for, and receives subscriptions for, the following newspapers and magazines:

#### MAGAZINES.

The Union Magazine,	\$3 00
Godey's Lady's Book,	3 00
Graham's Magazine,	3 00
Peterson's Lady's National,	2 00
Columbian Magazine,	3 00
Lady's Garland,	1 00
The Youth's Cabinet,	1 00
The Playmate,	1 00
Knickerbocker,	5 00
Democrat Review,	3 00
Eclectic Magazine,	5 00
New York Whig Review,	5 00

#### NEWSPAPERS.

Baltimore Enterprise,	\$1 50
Littell's Living Age,	6 00
The Flag of Our Union,	2 00
Saturday Evening Post,	2 00
Saturday Courier,	2 00
Neal's Saturday Gazette,	2 00
Pbil'a. Dollar Newspaper,	1 00
The Albion,	6 00
News of the World,	2 00
Lady's Dollar Newspaper,	1 00
N. Y. Spirit of the Times,	5 00
Sunday Age,	1 00

Any two of the Three Dollar Magazines will be sent one year for Five Dollars, and an Original Novel, as a premium, will be sent to each subscriber, gratis.

He has also for sale every Cheap Publication and Magazine issued in this country, and all other Cheap Editions published of any of the Foreign Authors. Any Cheap work, either new or old, can be obtained by addressing, post paid,

WM. TAYLOR,  
4 and 5 Jarvis Buildings, Baltimore.



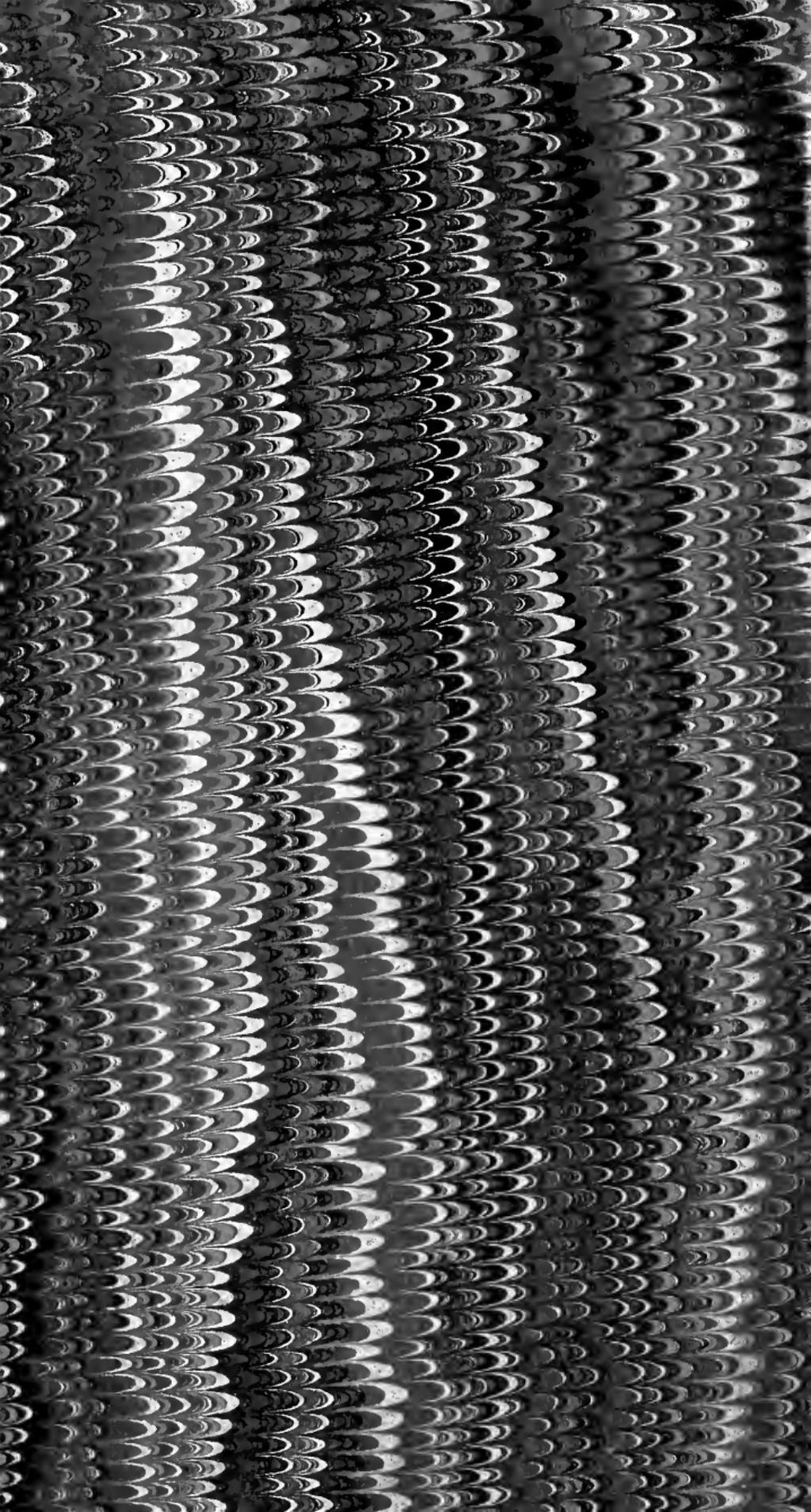


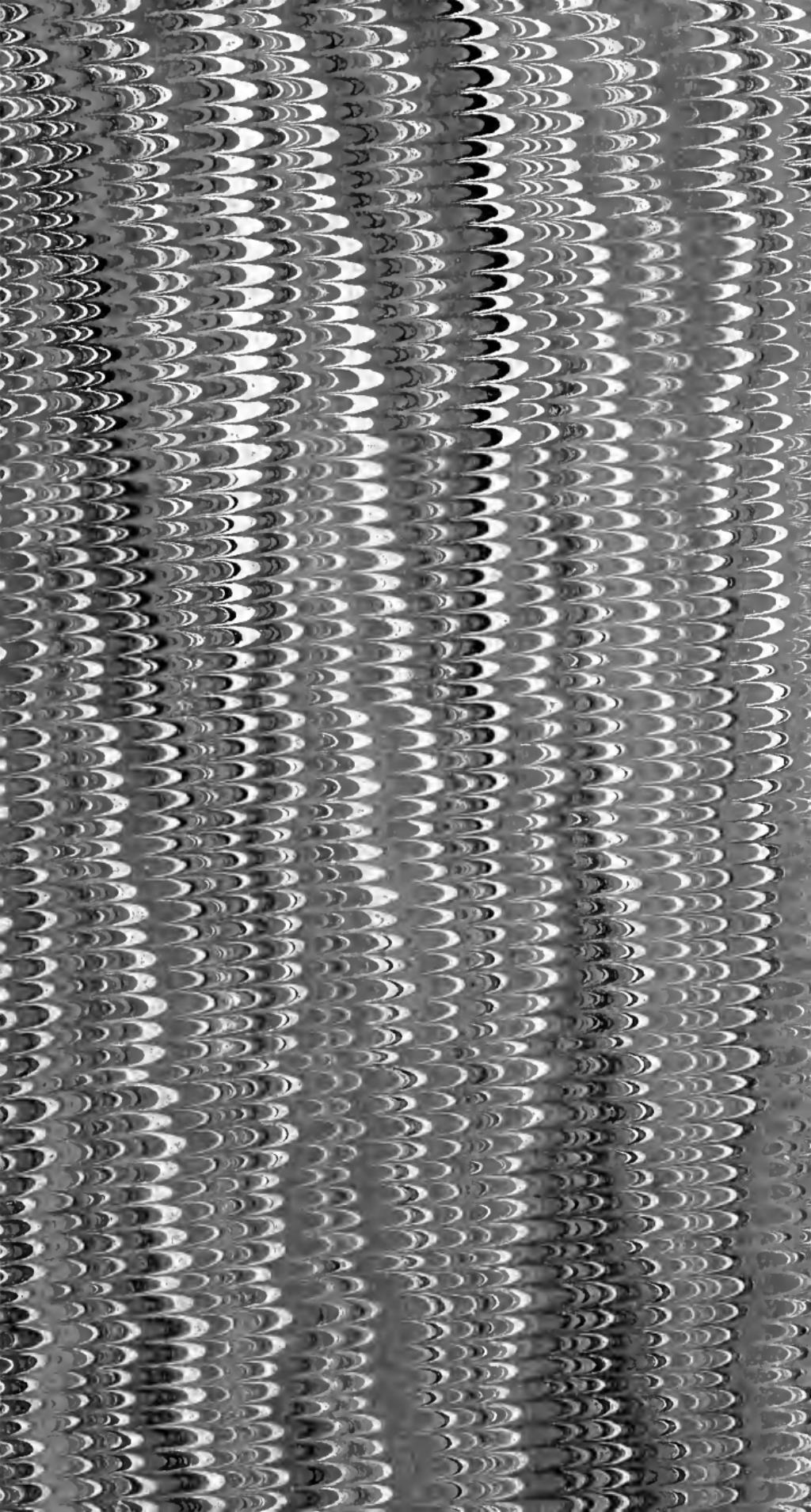












LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 015 863 829 0